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GOLDEN RULES OF HEALTH,

AND

# HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

WITH

SPECIAL REFERENCE

TO DIET,

EXERCISE, AIR, TEMPERATURE, VENTILATION,

HYGROMETRY, INFLUENCE OF DOMESTIC HABITS.

TOGETHER WITH REMARKS ON ALLOPATHY, HYDROPATHY,

AEROPATHY, THERMOPATHY, PSYCHROPATHY,

HOMŒOPATHY, THUMPINGPATHY,

HEALINGPATHY,

KILLINGPATHY, &c., &c., &c.

BY ✓

JOEL H. ROSS, M. D.

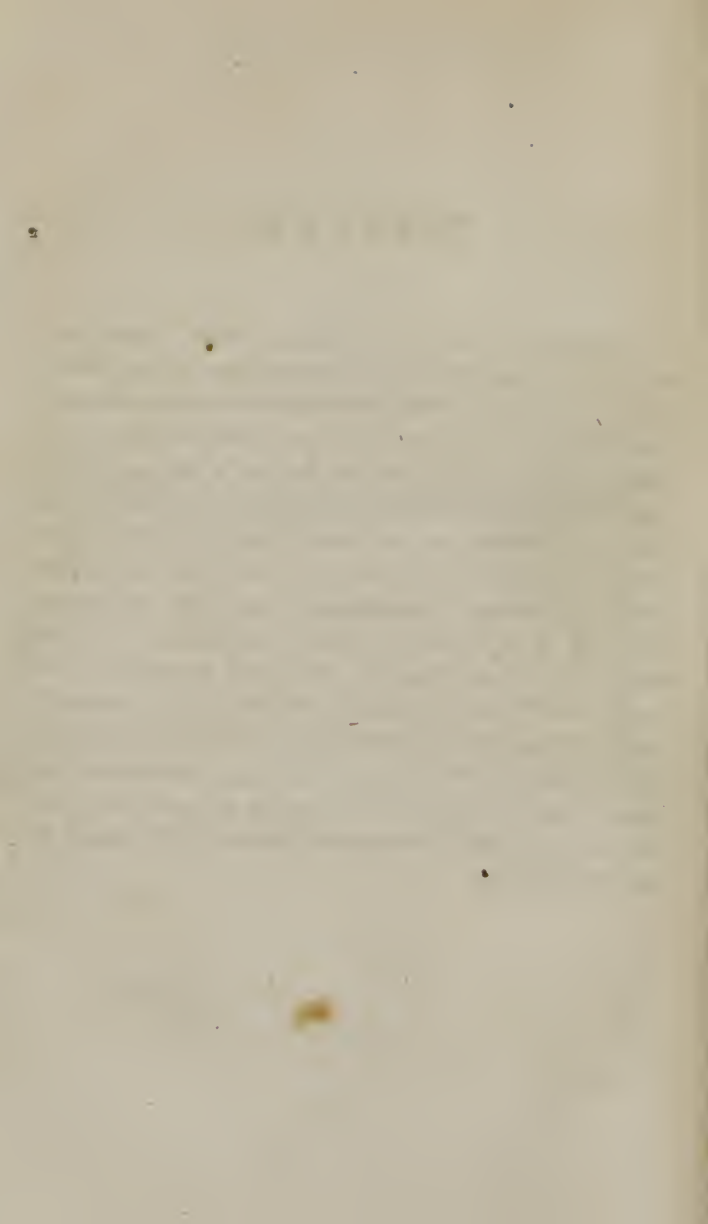
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## HEALTH.

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HEALTH is a boon of such infinite value, that no pains should be spared in preserving it, and no time lost in improving it, when impaired. But good advice, and a wise reception, are not always concomitants. "It is easier to preach than to practice." Procrastination in all matters of moment, is generally condemned in theory, and too often approved in practice! Disease in the human system is often like a spark of fire in a mass of combustibles. The fire may be easily quenched, even by a child, if taken in time. But with a little delay, an entire city may be reduced to ashes before the flames can be arrested. So disease, which in its incipient stage may be easily cured by the use of appropriate remedies, with a little neglect, may baffle the skill of the most distinguished and successful practitioner, and triumph over all the remedies in the *Materia Medica*.

HEALTH not only promotes a man's physical and mental enjoyments, but materially protects him and others from *Crime*. A man in health, is far less likely than a *diseased*

man, to lay violent hands on himself or his neighbour. Not only so, but in certain cases of morbid excitement, or irritation produced by disease, a man may provoke another to take *his* life, who under other circumstances would "provoke him to love and good works." But great as this blessing is found to be, and important its possession, how often is it abused, and how frequently is it destroyed. Every man ought to remember that his own health and comfort depend immeasurably more upon his own acts, than upon the skill and prescriptions of doctors. That he can treat himself far better in health, than his physician can treat him in disease. In other words, "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." How often does the physician hear the cry when it is too late—Oh, that I had the constitution which I once had, and which I foolishly, though unconsciously destroyed! Oh, that I could recall the past! It is not very common for a *well* man to send for a doctor. But he would show more wisdom in taking his advice without physic, than in waiting to take both. He would also find it good *economy* for himself, but not for the *Doctor*.

Possibly some of my readers may feel sufficiently interested in this subject, to inquire what can be done to aid nature in keeping all the vital organs of a wonderful and complicated machine in a state of integrity. To such, I propose to submit a few simple rules, which although they may contain nothing *new*, may possibly stimulate some to act the part of wisdom, and practice a little self-denial and pains-taking, which may be to them in future life, what seed-time is to the husbandman. And I doubt not that

their harvest will be fruitful in proportion to their toil. But I must confess that there has been, is now, and will be in time to come, many who have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear. And outside of the Blind, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums too.

In speaking of hygienic agents, diet, exercise, rest, sleep, clothing, air, climate, bathing, affections of the mind, &c., naturally claim our attention. But I prefer on the present occasion to confine my remarks mainly to diet, exercise, and air.

We should select our daily food with as much care and good sense, as a wise builder would select materials for his house, upon the strength and quality of which he knows will depend the safety of his household. *We* have a building to rear, preserve, and inhabit, of vastly more importance to us, than any which are constructed of wood, stone and mortar. A *living* building, and one in which essential errors are not easily corrected. Well for all to remember this. And whether we or others, ignorantly or knowingly, select improper materials, *the tenant must unavoidably be the sufferer*. He will bitterly regret his mistake, and daily mourn over his uncomfortable abode whose faults only increase with age; until, long perhaps before three score years and ten shall have witnessed its decay, he is compelled to forsake his tabernacle, and fly away to the spirit-land. How many such monumental warnings have passed before our eyes, whose influence upon us has been as ephemeral as the morning cloud and early dew. This, I admit, is a discouraging circumstance; nevertheless, it is one of the strongest arguments in favor of multiplying

other warnings, to prevent a repetition of these. Let the reader remember, that in this matter, every one, to a very great extent, builds his own house. And if any man has a poor, shattered and rickety abode, it is very much his own fault. The *writer*, if not the reader, can plead guilty to this charge, as he regrets exceedingly that this subject did not make the same impression on his mind thirty years ago, that it does now. Hence he feels the more constrained to warn others, and especially *parents*, lest their children should hereafter be compelled to take up the same lamentation.

It might be well for parents to pause à moment, and count the cost, before they expend too much on a rotten foundation in their offspring, by trying to build up a constitution with such materials as candy, sweetmeats, pastry, nuts, and other paltry trash, which only pervert the appetite, and destroy the digestive organs, to a greater or less extent. Oh, how often does the fond mother seal the fate of her children in this very way, and then wonder how it can be that they have such imperfectly formed bodies, such distorted spines, enlarged joints, flabby muscles, tumid abdomens, dropsical heads, and miserable constitutions. The mystery is, that they survive such treatment so long, and so well as they do. But they often find an early tomb, as the grave yard can testify. And an epitaph written upon their tombstones, *Killed by eating trash, with consent of parents*, would be more appropriate than acceptable.

In selecting our food, we ought to remember, that if we desire to have sound bones, strong muscles, pure blood, good nerves, perfect health, and long life, we must not only

supply nature with a sufficient amount of materials to enable her to turn out from her great workshop a good building, but we must furnish materials of a suitable quality, wisely prepared, at proper times, and in the right place. While she is trying to rear a superstructure worthy of her skill, how often are the organs of assimilation fatigued and vexed, so to speak, in trying to pick out of the rubbish which is thrust into the stomach, such articles as she wants, and no less so in striving to get rid of that worthless load, with which she is cumbered. This very naturally leads me to make a few suggestions to the reader, which must not only be very brief, but from the nature of the subject, very imperfect. It is hardly possible to give any dietetic rules which are safe for all, or even *any*, to follow at all times either in sickness or health.

The quality and quantity of food required from time to time, are modified by a variety of circumstances. There is a constant change going on, both in ourselves and the external world. Sometimes we perceive little difference in a day, week, month, or even a year. At other times, the change produced in one short hour, is frightfully great. Our food is not the same in Spring as in Autumn, and the difference is equally great between Summer and Winter. The atmosphere around us is still more unstable; its thermometric and hygrometric changes being more frequent than the days in the year. The particular state of the system often requires careful attention to diet. The seasons also modify the demand, as more food is needful in Winter than in Summer; and more also in cold climates than in warm, as a part is used as fuel to keep up animal heat.

Hence those who are well protected from the cold, both man and beast, require less nourishment than those who are more exposed.

OCCUPATION has also its modifying influence. Those who are accustomed to laborious exercise in the open air, generally need more food, and of a richer quality, than those who are accustomed to sedentary habits.

AGE has no less claim upon our attention, as childhood and youth demand much more aliment, comparatively, than old age, and need it more frequently. Nature must have the materials, or the building cannot go up.

LOCATION has also a voice in this matter. It frequently happens that a man who can eat ham and eggs with perfect impunity in the country, can hardly tolerate a Graham cracker after a few weeks residence in the city.

The manner of *preparing* food, has much to do in making it fit or unfit for the stomach. A hard boiled egg, becomes a very different thing from one slightly cooked ; and one fried in fat, is far more indigestible than one boiled in water. All fried articles are generally totally unfit for invalids and especially dyspeptics. Indeed almost any one may show his wisdom by shunning them. Yet, these articles constitute a large company in that formidable army which so often make war upon the digestive organs.

Some articles of food are more digestible in a *raw* state, than when cooked. Eggs and oysters may be mentioned as examples. And, strange as it may seem, cabbage when boiled until it is perfectly tender, requires four and a half

hours to digest it ; but when eaten raw, with a little vinegar, two hours are sufficient. Articles of food whether cooked or raw, which the stomach will digest with the greatest facility at one time, will be like a stone in that organ, perfectly unaltered for hours, at another. The stomach will tolerate a certain kind of food to-day, which it will not to-morrow. And the amount which is absolutely indispensable at one time, might prove fatal at another. It is often said, that every man can best judge for *himself*, how, and what he ought to eat. There is far more truth in this saying, than there would be, if it should be said, every man acts wisely in selecting his food. Every intelligent man can best judge for himself what effect certain articles of diet produce, and thus decide what will be the probable result of their use, provided he will be more careful to consult his feelings an hour or two after eating, than his palate at the table.

There is probably no article of food so much abused both in making and eating, as *bread*. A reform in this department, is much demanded, and would be attended with most precious results. To make bread, appears to be a very simple process. Yet strange as it may seem, some men, and women too, practice the art all their days, and hardly make a good loaf. One would suppose that many believe that almost anything in the shape of *dough*, thrust into a hot oven, ought to come out good bread, and if it does not, almost anybody is to blame, but the baker. It is first made too soft or too hard. It is raised too much, or too little. The oven is too hot, or too cold—or the bread is left in too long, or taken out too soon. Three hints to



those who make any pretensions to understand the art of *bread making*, would seem to be sufficient on the present occasion. After obtaining good materials, *knead it thoroughly, raise it sufficiently, and bake it enough*. There are not only many errors committed in making this "staff of life," and one of which I regard as being worse than all the rest, viz: in having it *slack-baked*, but there is also a radical error too frequently committed, in eating it *hot*, or too soon after it leaves the oven, twenty-four hours being quite soon enough.

Nature and art have provided a very great variety of food for man. And here in our own American paradise, garden of Eden, and land of Canaan, we are blest with a bountiful supply. But with all this profusion, it is not always so easy a matter to make a wise selection, for ourselves, as one might at first suppose. If the constitutions of mankind were all alike, and remained the same, if every nutritious agent always remained the same, and if none of these changes which have been briefly noticed, ever occurred without, or within, we should find it comparatively easy to give dietetic rules, and to follow them. But in the present state of things, it often puzzles the most experienced physician to ascertain what articles are indicated in certain cases, from day to day. But as I did not intend to discourse so much upon therapeutic, as upon prophylactic agents, I will proceed to make a few more general remarks on this part of my subject.

ANIMAL FOOD under certain circumstances, is the only proper aliment. No matter what the Grahamites say to the contrary. Let them go on with their bran bread, un-



til they get as fat as a Christmas goose. All the better. At other times, a *vegetable* diet is clearly indicated. A mixture however, of the two, with various modifications, according to age, sex, climate, season, &c., is undoubtedly the best adapted to the great majority in health. *Lean* meat is almost always preferable to fat, though there are some exceptions. And *fresh* meat is more digestible than salt meat, although it appears from some late experiments, that pork *recently* salted, digested sooner than that which was perfectly fresh. Of the different kinds of meat, there are none better than beef and mutton. Fish, poultry, game, &c., are all good in their place. But there is no *one* place that is fit for them all at the same time, especially the *stomach*. Of all the vegetables, there is scarcely another, which is both useful and healthful to the same extent as the Irish Potatoe.\* Of course I do not mean potatoes *half ripe*, or *half rotten*, or *half cooked*. I mean good ripe, healthy, mealy potatoes, well prepared for the table. And it is ascertained that either roasted or baked, they digest one hour sooner than when boiled. There are many vegetables which are far more nutritious, such as peas, beans, &c. but less digestible. But even this simple article does not agree with all. Yet when we look at Ireland whose inhabitants, many of them at least, live almost exclusively on potatoes, and when they can get enough of them, find no cause to complain; and when we look at New England, and also other parts of our own country, whose inhabitants are extravagantly fond of this vegetable, and hardly live a

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\* According to common parlance, bread is hardly counted among vegetables at the table.

day without it ; and see the general health and strength of the consumers, we are driven at once to the conclusion that the potatoe is almost indispensable to life. In Pereira's work on Food and Diet, there is an account given of an experiment made to test the nutritive powers of the potatoe, and as it is generally supposed to be not very nutritious, the account may interest the reader. " In the year 1840, some experiments were made on the effects of different diets, on the prisoners confined in the Glasgow Bridewell ; and the following extract from the report of the Inspectors of the prisons, deserves to be noticed here in connection with the preceding observations on the nutritive powers of potatoes"—

" Breakfast—2 lbs. of potatoes boiled.

Dinner— 3 " " "

Supper— 1 " " "

" A class of ten young men and boys, was put on this diet. All had been in confinement for short periods only, and all were employed at light work, teasing hair. At the beginning of the experiment, eight were in health, and two in indifferent health ; at the end, the eight continued in good health, and the two who had been in indifferent health had improved. There was an average gain in weight of nearly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per prisoner, the greatest gain being  $8\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. by a young man whose health had been indifferent at the beginning of the experiment. Only two prisoners lost at all in weight, and the quantity in each case was trifling. The prisoners all expressed themselves quite satisfied with this diet, and regretted the change back again to the ordinary diet."

Food should be suitably *nutritious*, easily *digested*, and not too *stimulating*. The following hints may be considered worthy of a place in our memory.

1. A good rule to be observed in this country, where good things are plenty, is, *not to eat too much*. There is more to be feared from a surfeit, than from a famine, in a land that “flows with milk and honey.”

2. NOT TO EAT TOO OFTEN.—The stomach needs time for rest, as much as the hands or the head.

3. NOT TO FAST TOO LONG.—Six hours being a sufficient interval, in health, during the active part of the day.

4. NOT TO EAT TOO FAST.—Some people seem to take their food as though they were eating for a whole nation in a state of starvation, and thrust down every mouthful, as though they expected each would save a famishing soul from death!

5. NOT TO EAT IN A PET, or with the mind depressed. The less you *cry*, and the more you *laugh*, (if you do not choke) the better.

5. NOT TO EAT INCOMPATIBLES.—If a man has a good piece of beef or mutton, either roasted or boiled, for his dinner, he had better rest until the next day before making further experiments in analyzing the animal kingdom, unless perchance a little milk or butter should be needful to complete the first experiment. Some people seem to ransack the heavens, the earth, and the seas to prove that they “live to *eat*.” Hence, go they will for incompatibles, if they are compelled in the end to dispose of them as the sickened whale did of the Prophet Jonah. But such peo-

ple will do well to remember that fish and mutton, and pork and game, and nuts and cheese are about as unequally yoked together in the stomach, as sheep and shad are in the ocean.

7. NOT TO PROSCRIBE VARIETY.—Some people are foolish enough to take the other extreme, and of course not only sweep all animal food overboard, but even bread is almost guilty of a serious crime for appearing on our tables, if the precious grain of which it is composed, has left behind the *straw*. Indeed, a variety is indispensable. And the blessing of such an abundant provision as our heaven-favored country presents in this respect, can hardly be sufficiently appreciated. A variety of food is not only more agreeable to the palate, but what is far more important, is altogether more healthful. We are decidedly in favor of variety, and can enjoy this luxury at every meal, and yet profit from the example of nature, who has placed the lamb in the pasture, and the shad in the ocean.

8. Another rule of importance in eating, and one which hardly has an exception, is, *let the food be well masticated and insalivated*. But there are those who deprive the stomach of that essential fluid, the saliva, by constant and profuse spitting, which is induced by resorting to that pernicious weed, the use of which as a *luxury*, one would almost be inclined to think must first have been suggested by the enemy of our race, that wicked spirit who began early in the world's history to tempt mankind astray, commencing with the appetite, and meeting with great success up to the present day. And what does the man who thus

wastes this fluid, which nature designed for an important end, namely to aid digestion, get in return for it, who chews his paper of tobacco, or smokes his ten, twenty, or thirty segars a day? He often gets the constitution of a poor, miserable, nervous, fidgetty, broken down dyspeptic. True, he does not get it in a day, may not in a year; and when he does become thus involved, he either does not suspect the origin of the difficulty, or is not willing to own and shun the cause. Sometimes the question is asked, "how can men of refinement indulge in such a *filthy* habit, to say nothing of its destructive tendency?" Indeed, it does seem to be almost a mystery. It is even a cross, to be compelled to sit by the side of a profuse tobacco-spitter in a crowded stage from Union Park to the Battery; for our omnibus proprietors are not yet sufficiently advanced in the spirit of reform to say "*No Chewing.*" If he attempts to spit out of the window, more than a homœopathic dose flies on the wings of the wind into the face and eyes of all in the immediate neighborhood. If he makes a spittoon of the bottom of the stage, woe to the silk dresses and white skirts and fine stockings, to say nothing of the havoc among slips and gaiters. But this is not all. As the flood approaches, a lady makes a desperate effort to escape, and being unsuccessful, casts a look at him, which is nearly sufficient to give every passenger in the stage a paroxysm of ague, except the man whose susceptibilities are so paralyzed by the use of the drug, that he cannot "take the hint without a kick." And if he happens to do so, and for decency's sake, resolves to swallow the precious juice, poor man, he has all the worst of it to himself.

But I hear the common plea, "O, I cannot live without it." I don't believe it. How do others live without it? You *can* live without it, and longer than with it. I admit that it is sometimes beneficial as a medicine. But strictly as such, very few *use* it, and probably fewer still *need* it. People generally use it very much as they use rum: because they *love* it. You may feel relieved at the moment, of certain unpleasant sensations, and thus you may very naturally conclude that it is your friend, while in reality, it is your enemy. And, perhaps, it is one of your worst. I can refer you to another example where a similar relief would occur. If you were to take into your stomach, either ignorantly or knowingly, a quantity of caustic potash, nothing would give you so much relief as to swallow immediately an acid. The moment these articles, which have a strong affinity for each other, come in contact, they unite and form a neutral salt, and if the union be speedy enough, little damage may be done. But I ask, what right has the caustic potash to be there, to make it necessary for you to swallow another corroding substance to neutralize it? Just the same right that any other offending agent has to be there, to make it necessary for you to use such a deadly poison as tobacco, to counteract in some way its pernicious influence. I am perfectly satisfied that I can convince nine out of every ten, that they are far better off without it than with it, if they will strictly follow my directions six months. But it is much easier to convince, than to reform.

There is probably no class of invalids whose health and comfort, both physical and mental, could be more improved than *dyspeptics*, if, in conjunction with proper medical treat-



ment, they would resolutely practice self-denial. One would suppose that this class of sufferers would be willing to walk in any *safe* path, and carefully shun every temptation, to be delivered from such a serious affliction. But how many thousands are now suffering from “many *real*, and not a few *imaginary* evils” whose wretchedness is mostly owing to their own folly. They know full well that they are miserable. Indeed a *happy dyspeptic* is about as rare as a *white crow*. But notwithstanding all this, with many, every thing that *tastes* good, must go down, if it is followed in ten minutes by a perfect *abdominal tornado*.

With an impaired state of the digestive organs, there are many articles of food which are manifestly hurtful, while to others they are not only harmless, but beneficial. Generally they contain saccharine matter, which in a weak and deranged state of the stomach are very apt to undergo acetous fermentation, setting free a large quantity of *gas*, which distends the stomach and bowels, and thus by pressure disturbs the functions of the heart, liver, lungs, and other organs, producing cough, difficult respiration, palpitation of the heart, severe pain, and other alarming symptoms, which frequently awaken very sad suspicions in the sufferer. But this is not all. In this fermentive process, an *acid* is generated, which also claims the privilege of obeying the laws of nature, and soon manifests its corroding power, as it begins to prey upon the delicate mucous membrane of the stomach. And with these, and other agents at work, in doing mischief, no wonder that the dyspeptic is frequently so wretched and ready to write bitter things against himself, the doctor, apothecary, cook, and

all the world. And he is fortunate, if, under certain forms of gastric irritation, he escapes the violence of his own hands.

But there are certain articles of food, and which are very generally used, which no man in reality ought to touch, even if his digestive organs are better than Dr. Beaumont's, Canadian's, whose stomach could stand to be shot at, and hit too, and have a portion of it carried away by the cannon ball, and although thus minus a part, can still digest raw cabbage in two hours, and with its external opening accommodate the curious who wish to toss into nature's laboratory all manner of edibles which ever came from the hand of nature, or art, for experiment. Among these ill-adapted agents, and in wide-spread evil influences, *Pastry* stands pre-eminent. It ought to be as much abominated by every man, woman and child, as swine's flesh is by the *Jew*. To see one of nature's fairest emblems of purity, as it comes from the miller's snow-white bolt, to be thus tortured into an instrument of self-destruction, is enough to put a *thinking* man's thoughts into a pathological state. And what makes the matter still worse, it is generally taken after too much is eaten already.

Again the whole tribe of *Nuts* are altogether *unwholesome trash*, being nearly saturated with fixed oil. And although a man may eat them for a while, and dream of impunity, and laugh at advice, yet sooner or later, indigestion of a more or less aggravated character, will be almost certain to follow. Yes, let a man with what is generally called a *weak stomach*, persevere in eating these indigestible things, which



ought to be marked *poison*, and he may have the best physician that ever lived since the time of *Hippocrates*, and access to all the remedial agents that have ever been discovered since the days of *Æsculapius*, and he will probably live in *misery*, and die in *haste*.

Another error, and of no trifling importance, is frequently committed, and especially in large cities, in *eating late and heavy suppers*. Although some people sleep better, and dream less, who take a small cracker, piece of stale bread, or some similar light article, before they retire, than when the stomach is entirely empty, yet the practice of eating at a late hour in the night a full meal of cold turkey, corned beef, smoked ham, oyster soup, &c., &c., and lying in bed till a late hour in the morning to get strength enough to walk to the breakfast table, and can't eat at that, is a habit that every wise man will shun, and condemn. Such a practice is full of peril. And those who thus show their folly, had better pay their bills, and make their wills, for they may soon need a *Sexton* more than a *Doctor*.

Let the dyspeptic be also careful to avoid all hot bread, hot cakes of every kind, and melted butter. Even *stale* bread, toasted and eaten hot, is not as healthful as cold bread, contrary to common opinion, however. But I have perfect confidence in the correctness of the statement just advanced. In mastication it becomes consolidated, somewhat like newly baked bread, so that the gastric juice cannot so readily permeate the mass, and consequently its *solvent power is diminished*.

Dyspeptics are prone to be costive, and frequently find it very difficult to prevent the evil by the most careful atten-

tion to diet. Acid fruits are often well adapted to this class, if they do not produce flatulence. And even, if they do, Dr. Dick, an eminent physician in London, and especially in this department, says that by persevering in their use, it will often soon cease. But if laxative food, cold water bathing and injections, frictions over the abdomen and over the spine, obeying the voice of nature every morning, and plenty of exercise in the open air, do not break up the habit, I would say to all, (though somewhat out of place,) take a dinner-pill every day, one hour before eating. But don't take *trash*. If properly prepared, it may with safety be taken through a long life. Take the smallest amount which will produce a free evacuation daily, if it be but a *fragment* of a pill. At any rate, avoid *constipation*, but by proper means. I have not as yet noticed those agents so generally in use, and which have been the occasion of much controversy, viz. Tea and Coffee. Perhaps a few words may be expected.

Although there is no middle ground between vice and virtue, at least that man can occupy, (possibly the dumb beasts can claim it,) yet there seems to be a central path, as to *most* of our earthly transactions, which holds out greater inducements, and greater success and safety to those who walk therein, than those who take the extremes, either on the right hand or on the left, have any reason to expect. Volumes have been written for and against the use of tea and coffee. Ultraists have spread their nets to gather together all the eloquence that earth can spare, whether their own or borrowed, to prove that tea is as poisonous as arsenic ! Others fill up the old family tea-pot to the

very brim, with an infusion strong enough to bear up an "iron wedge," and drain it to the very dregs, to show conclusively that not a single day's enjoyment is possible without it. *Coffee* shares about the same fate as Tea. The following encomium upon Coffee, says the Editor of the American edition of Pereira on Diet, &c., p. 298, is said to have been written by Abd-al-Kader Anasari Djezeri Hanbali, son of Mahomed. It was translated from the Arabic, and published in a German journal in 1834:

"O Coffee! thou dispellest the cares of the great; thou bringest back those who wander from the paths of knowledge. Coffee is the beverage of the people of God, and the cordial of his servants who thirst for wisdom. When coffee is infused into the bowl, it exhales the odour of musk, and is of the color of ink. The truth is not known except to the wise, who drink it from the foaming coffee-cup. God has deprived fools of coffee, who with invincible obstinacy, condemn it as injurious.

"Coffee is our gold, and in the place of its libations, we are in the enjoyment of the best and noblest society. Coffee is even as innocent a drink as the purest milk, from which it is only distinguished by its color. Tarry with thy Coffee in the place of its preparation, and the good God will hover over thee and participate in his feast. There the graces of the saloon, the luxury of life, the society of friends, all furnish a picture of the abode of happiness.

"Every care vanishes when the cup-bearer presents the delicious chalice. It will circulate fleetly through thy veins, and will not rankle there; if thou doubtst this, contemplate the youth and beauty of those who drink it.

Grief cannot exist where it grows; sorrow humbles itself in obedience before its powers.

“Coffee is the drink of God’s people; in it is health. Let this be the answer to those who doubt its qualities. In it will we drown our adversities, and in its fire consume our sorrows. Whoever has once seen the blissful chalice will scorn the wine-cup. Glorious drink! thy color is the seal of purity, and reason proclaims it genuine. Drink with confidence, and regard not the prattle of fools, who condemn without foundation.”

“In contrast with this high-wrought eulogy of this favorite article,” says the same writer, “may be placed the abuse of some late ultra dietetical reformers, who, in their zeal to bring man back to the ante-diluvian beverage, proscribe every thing in the shape of fluid, with the exception of milk and water.”

Both tea and coffee, of moderate strength, and in moderate quantity, may doubtless be taken with food by the majority, in health, without injury, and in many cases with decided benefit. They are both nutritious and stimulating cordials. Every one knows that a cup of weak tea, in sickness, is frequently almost the only thing the stomach will tolerate. But the difficulty is, to convince people that they take their tea and coffee too strong. Or perhaps, that they should not, in certain cases, take any at all. There is no reason why a man should drink strong coffee or strong tea. He is none the better satisfied with it. For example, the man who uniformly drinks the strength of a table spoonful of ground coffee, in each cup, is no better satisfied with it,

than the man who uniformly takes a tea spoonful, is with *that*. Some will find that they enjoy better health when they drink only *tea*, and others when they drink only *coffee*, and some when they take *neither*. But either of these articles, as a beverage, is preferable to *chocolate*, a favorite drink with some. There are many people who are in the habit of asking physicians many questions as to what is healthful, and what is hurtful, to eat, drink, &c., when information is almost the last thing desired, for the sake of *reformation*. It is of very little use to talk to such people. They would be very glad to have the doctor's opinion, provided it should harmonize with their pre-conceived notions and habits. But it is very easy to see that such an opinion as he may honestly give, can be of very little service to this class, view it as you will. If they are already in a safe path, they do not need his advice. And if they are *not*, his opinion would not have the weight of a feather against their established habits, and clamorous appetites. But there are others who are anxious to get at facts, and are glad to hear little every-day things discussed ; for they are content to pattern after the bee, and take the honey wherever they can find it. For this class, I intend my remarks, though I do not promise them much *honey*. I should be happy to give the reader some practical hint, while noticing these articles which are so extensively used, if I could be so fortunate. But it is not so easy to lay down rules which will be safe for all to follow. Nevertheless, practical suggestions, if any, are demanded whenever the subject of health is handled. Minor things, however, are often passed over by bookmakers, as though too trivial to

be worthy of notice, although more practical, than nine-tenths of the matter which burdens the volume.

A physician calls to see a patient, and finds Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. taking a cup of coffee. Mrs. A. says—"Doctor, is it healthy to drink coffee?" The doctor says yes. Mrs. B. asks the same question, and is answered No! And as he appears to be perfectly candid, they set down their cups, and look at him with astonishment, while they desire an explanation. The doctor says—Ladies, my answers to your interrogations, are alike *true*. I go through the world saying *yes* and *no*, all the while. These two short words constitute a large part of my prescriptions; the negative, however, greatly preponderates. I admit that you are little the wiser for my answers, but it is *your* fault, and not mine. If either of you had asked the question, is coffee a healthful article for *me*, then I should have been prepared to give a satisfactory answer. If you really wish to improve your health, and are willing to sacrifice every thing prejudicial to it, and if you have fully and sincerely resolved to profit by any advice I may be able to give you, then shall I investigate your case, full of hope and expectation. Here we perceive the difficulty of laying down practical rules for the public.\* Perhaps the best rule I can give, or that any other man can give, is, to follow indications. But what are the indications? says the reader. That is just what I have been looking for this long time. That is the very thing that I want you to tell me! Ah! yes, and the very thing which I can *not* tell you. How *can* I tell you? *Who* are you, and *what* are you? Can I draw the line of

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\* "What is one's meat is another's poison."



demarcation, leaving millions on either side, with as plain a path to follow, as if I should say every red haired man must drink tea, and every man with black hair must drink coffee, and every man with no hair at all must drink cold water ! Such advice would be too cheap to be profitable. A little *pains-taking* on the part of those who are most interested, would seem to be very proper. But if I can assist the reader a little in the investigation, I shall be happy to do so. Have you been in the habit of drinking coffee for a long time, (of course, the same remarks will apply to tea,) and have you enjoyed uninterrupted good health ? Then I think it is pretty clear that there are *no* indications for changing your habits in this respect ; and especially if you have taken it in moderate strength, and in moderate quantity. If there has been any *excess* in this respect, I would recommend an immediate reform. For, although you may not yet be able to perceive any deterioration, yet you may be gradually undermining the constitution while you little suspect it ; and if you wait to be thoroughly convinced, the evidence may become overwhelming. Excess in eating and drinking, and in almost any thing else, is not always followed immediately by serious consequences. Nature will long apologize for our follies, by striving to adapt the constitution to our treatment, while we ought to adapt our treatment to the *constitution*. But her patience will not last forever, and you may rue the day that you meet her frown. Would you not say so to your best friend ? Suppose you see a man toiling hard, and sweating profusely, to gain some object, you know not what, whose countenance and every act betray great anxiety of mind. You would

naturally say, friend, what are you doing? What am I doing? Why, to be sure, I am trying to gain the good will of nature, says the man. What! you have the good will of nature already, unless you have long and grievously offended. Alas! I have done that very thing. Ah! then, rest assured, thine is not an easy task. Thou wilt find it necessary to toil long, hard, and incessantly to regain her favor. Thou wilt have to make double restitution, and treble, too, if she demands it.

But, suppose you have indulged in the use of coffee for years, though temperately as you suppose, and your health has been gradually failing without any very apparent cause. Now it will be easy for you to perceive that indications suggest a change in some one or more of your habits. Something is wrong. Coffee may be the rogue, or one of them, and may not. Perhaps some little indulgence which you do not suspect, and if you did, could hardly be made to believe that it could produce so much mischief, is secretly shortening your days. But suppose you conclude that coffee may possibly have much to do in bringing the evil upon you, can you not decide the question without sending for a medical prophet? Suppose you resolve not to touch or smell even a homœopathic dose of it for one month, and substitute for it, the coffee of the olden time, the best in fact, at least the *safest*, that ever man did drink, for it makes none either nervous or costive. I mean "*Crust Coffee*." It is no mean drink. People used to like it, when their palates were as honest, as they are now. If you have been in the habit of drinking the beverage very strong, why, then burn the crust the blacker. And if this



is not bitter enough, put in about two grains of aloes in each cup, which will form an excellent substitute for dinner pills, which are very likely needed. And if, after trying this experiment a month, (certainly not less, and if a year all the better,) you do not find your health sufficiently improved to convict and condemn coffee as the guilty one, be not in haste to conclude that it must be innocent. It may not be the *sole* agent, very likely it is combined with other causes which are gradually working out an unhappy change in the system. This is not the only agent whose effects on the constitution we should watch. Coffee when used with proper caution, undoubtedly agrees with many. The same may be said of tea, and it is important for each one to ascertain for himself, and herself, which acts the most kindly in each particular case. I have no doubt that many are injured by the habitual use of *strong tea* in a way which is never alluded to by popular writers. At least I have not seen any thing of the kind. I allude to its constipating influence. Pereira in his "Materia Medica," (probably the best in the world,) nor his treatise on "Food and Diet," also a standard work, nor Wood and Bache in their "United States Dispensatory," also a popular work, nor Dunglison in his "Human Health," or "Elements of Hygiene," also a very valuable production, give a word of caution while discoursing upon the article, in relation to this tendency, at least that I have discovered; although some of these gentlemen speak of this influence as an objection to coffee. Now I beg leave to say that I conceive this to be an error. Tea, even every variety, contains a large amount of tannin, and green tea about one-sixth part.

This, it is well known is a powerful astringent, and the very article to check excessive evacuations. And if a valuable remedy in diarrhea, and other similar diseases, it must surely have a tendency to check the secretions in health. Whereas coffee, on the contrary, contains no tannin. Now I do not say that tannin is indispensable to constipation, but I *do* say, that such is its natural tendency, and I believe that this is one of the evils of drinking strong tea, that it locks up the secretions. Neither do I intend to say that constipation never follows the excessive use of coffee. It doubtless does. Indeed, I know that many lovers of coffee are thus afflicted. But I am not sure after all, that they would *not* be costive if they drank nothing but water, and did not reform in any other particular. At the same time coffee is found to be actually a *laxative* for certain constitutions. Again, some contend that coffee makes people more nervous than tea. This, I presume, is a question not well settled. It is now well understood that *theine*, the essential principle of tea, and *caffeine*, the essential principle of coffee, are perfectly identical ; both being composed of  $C^8 H^5 N^2 O^2$ . Now, one would be inclined to expect a similar effect to be produced upon the nervous system by the use of these articles, if they affect the nerves at all. But I believe that the article which produces the most *constipation*, or which most deranges the secretions, will most affect the nervous system. Again, writers are not agreed about the influence upon the system of the different kinds of tea. The majority, however, incline to the belief that black tea is more healthy than green, which is probably correct. The difference between the two, accord-

ing to chemical investigation, does not seem after all, to be very great. And Dr. Dunglison, in his work on Human Health, says, "when employed in moderation, the particular variety may be wholly left to the taste of the consumer." This will be very acceptable doctrine to those who are very partial to either of the varieties. But I am well satisfied that this is not a safe rule to follow. Safe, of course, for some, and if the doctor had thus qualified it, we could subscribe to the sentiment: but not otherwise. We care not a straw what effect either tea or coffee has upon chemicals in the professor's laboratory. The question is, what effects do these and other agents produce on the human system? Do they make us sick or well? Do they lead to weal or woe? But chemical investigation shows a very considerable difference between green and black tea, that is, when we consider the activity of certain principles which they contain. According to a late analysis, green tea contains in 100 parts 17.80 tannin, whereas black tea contains only 12.88. I have already referred to the constipating influence of this article. Moreover Pereira, in his valuable work on "Food and Diet," says "the peculiar influence of tea, especially of the green variety, over the nervous system, depends on the volatile oil" which it contains. Well, the proportion is as follows:—in 100 parts, green tea 0.79, black tea 0.60. Now, considering *this* to be an active agent, which it must be to produce any effect, the amount being so small, we again perceive the difference in favor of black tea to be very considerable. But if *theine*, which is the essential principle of tea, has any unfavorable influence over the nervous system, the difference seems to be

slightly in favor of green tea, as it contains in 100 parts 0.43, and black tea 0.46. But the most conclusive proof in favor of black tea is, its effects on the *system*. Many are ready to testify that they have been much benefitted by exchanging the green variety for the black. And few, I apprehend, are ready to ascribe any beneficial effects from a contrary change. But if the volatile oil in tea, instead of *theine*, affects the nerves as Pereira asserts, what principle or agent in the coffee is it, which disturbs the nervous system, and even to a greater degree, as some contend, as it contains *no volatile oil*. Now we perceive that coffee is destitute of tannin and volatile oil, and if it possesses other qualities equally obnoxious, our worthy fathers have not pointed them out. But I am not a little surprised that if the volatile oil is the principal cause of the damage done to the nervous system, by the use of tea, (which I very much doubt,) that directions have not long since been given for avoiding this unhappy effect. The process is very simple: and all that would be necessary is to make a decoction of tea, instead of an infusion. That is, *boil* it, instead of steeping it, and this volatile oil would fly off at once. And who can tell but that the comparative safety of black tea may be attributed, not so much after all to the smaller quantity of oil which it contains, as to the manner of preparing it, as many consider that it needs more *steeping* than green tea, and even *boil* it.

Be these things as they may, I am confident that the sugar taken with these articles, often has no small part in causing both tea and coffee to disagree with many, especially dyspeptics. The quantity of fluid is often another

objection also, as it diminishes the solvent power of the gastric juice, by diluting it.

Time will permit me to say only a word or two on the subject of condiments. Salt, the first and most important of all, is so generally used, and its value appreciated, that none, except a few of our modern *one-idea men*, will presume to question its importance. But I find a variety of opinions respecting other articles. Vinegar, for instance, is supposed by some to be injurious to health, although many may use it moderately with their food to advantage. It assists digestion, and not unfrequently improves the appetite. Pepper, whether the common black, (*Piper Nigrum*,) or the red, (*Capsicum*,) in small quantities, not only stimulates the nervous tissue of the stomach, causing it to act with more vigor, and thereby aids digestion, but also prevents flatulence. The same, or similar effects follow the use of mustard, horse-radish, ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, &c., &c.

Since the introduction of the pure and precious *Croton* into our city, much more attention has been paid to bathing, than formerly: and this important hygienic agent has doubtless prevented much sickness and saved many lives, which have been altogether unnoticed. Others have been aware of the benefit they have derived at different times from its use, and in various ways. And so strong is the public feeling in favor of this limpid fluid at the present time, that it would be hardly safe for any man to propose its removal. Indeed it is a gold mine to this city, and of more value to the inhabitants, than all the gold of Califor-

nia will be to the inhabitants of that region. But still many are deficient in using this purifying agent, even in our own city, and more so still, in many parts of the country. A simple form of using this fluid, and one which is too lightly esteemed by many, both in town, and out of town, I desire to notice a little in detail, viz. the *foot-bath*. Oh how much more would people prize it, if they had to buy it at the *Apothecaries*. I am more particular to notice it, because it is invaluable, and also because these little things, the *very* things in which we are daily most interested, are so apt to be passed over, to make a display of some great things which a man may never use three times in all his days. Be assured, there is more value in a foot-bath, as warm as it can be tolerated, and occasionally made stimulating, by the aid of cayenne pepper, or mustard, than most people begin to imagine. It is often difficult to make people believe that these simple things which every man has at his own door, have any value. A physician ought to study human nature *three times a day*, and then he will not always succeed in guarding his fellow-men against evils which might be averted. It is hard to make a man believe there is danger in his path without pointing it out. We may talk to a man all day about danger in the abstract, and not move him as much as would one cry of *mad dog* !

So it is often difficult to convince men, that there is great and lasting benefit to be derived from adopting a certain plan or course, which is perfectly feasible and safe, unless the why's and wherefore's are explained to some extent. This perhaps will be a sufficient apology for attempting to

show in some degree, in what way the foot-bath may be both a prophylactic and a therapeutic agent. In that deranged state of the system, called a *cold*, it is pretty generally known to be of service. But even here, it is not half appreciated. This is by no means the only instance wherein this safe and simple remedy acts like a charm. Many are greatly annoyed with cold feet during the winter, and it is not saying enough to call this condition of the inferior extremities, an uncomfortable one. It is more than this. It is not altogether *safe*, as we shall see by and by.

In the first place, it may be profitable to inquire into the cause of this frigidity. Or rather, why are they *ever warm*? Heat circulates throughout the body, through the medium of the blood. Let there be a due supply of this life-giving fluid in any part of the body, and no matter how cold the temperature which surrounds it, and no matter whether it has any covering or not, it *cannot* be cold. The temperature of this fluid in health is 98 (Fahrenheit,) and it is a very interesting fact, that nature maintains this uniform standard with very little increased or diminished variation through life, whether in sickness or health, or in cold climates or warm. Whenever the vessels contract, (whatever the cause,) and the blood begins to recede, then the sensation of cold commences, and is more or less severe, as the part becomes more or less bloodless, and according to the temperature of the atmosphere which surrounds the part. We all know that a person may really suffer with the cold, in the hottest day in July, during a fit of ague, and also suffer much with heat, in the coldest day in January, in a paroxysm of fever. Now the blood re-



mains very nearly the same temperature in both cases. But remember the distribution is entirely different. And this will account for the dissimilar sensations, while the blood remains nearly, or quite unaltered. Those, however, who have not taken the trouble to look at *cause and effect* in this matter, can hardly be persuaded to believe that their blood is just as warm when they say, "I am almost chilled through," as when they say, "I am burning up with this fever." But after the chill passes off, and the blood returns to the surface, they find that it has not lost much of its heat. To make the matter appear more clear, we must remember, that the *skin* is, as it were, an *expanded nerve*, the grand organ of sensation without. As if the nerves had said when they came to the surface of the body, come, we have formed a perfect battery *within*, now let us unite again, and form one *without*, and then we will be content to be the only telegraphic wires in fashion, carrying the news from depot to depot, until Professor Morse, by just peeping into our laboratory, where every body has to peep for wisdom, shall learn to bring parts together, which are far more remote. And thus the beautiful sheet of nervous network, which is spread over this delicate frame, does receive and convey to these messengers from day to day through a long life, a variety of sensations, both agreeable and painful, with great fidelity. This makes certain parts clear, which might otherwise appear paradoxical. I said that the skin must be considered as the grand organ of sensation, and hence when a large amount of blood rushes to any part, or the whole surface of the body, there is a sensation of great heat, and we are apt to



think the blood is much hotter than usual, but when it leaves the skin, the part becomes chilled at once, and yet the temperature of the blood may not vary a degree in the whole time. Now, if we suppose the body to contain in every part a sufficient supply of blood, and no more, and no less, while it is properly distributed, we can see at once that an unequal distribution will not only give one part too little, but will give another part too *much*. From this may, and *does* arise very serious consequences. The evil does not usually befall the part that becomes minus, but the organ or part which is overloaded, which has more than a normal quantity. This not only leads to congestion of the part, but may lead to active inflammation. Now, suppose that in consequence of cold feet and legs through the day, or the absence of the necessary amount of blood to keep them warm, the lungs in the mean time become so charged with blood, that congestion of an alarming character, is all but ready to supervene. Up to this time, the person has not had the slightest pain, and is not aware of the least danger. Before going to bed, he takes a warm and stimulating foot-bath. The consequence is, the skin is softēned, healthful perspiration established, the blood vessels are expanded, inviting a return of the fluid, the equilibrium is restored, the night is passed in safe and refreshing repose, and *the man escapes a sudden death, and never knows it*. But this is not all. If, instead of going to bed with cold and bloodless feet, and remaining in that condition half the night, the foot-bath be used, and the circulation restored, the vessels of those parts will be more likely to perform their appropriate function through the

succeeding day, than if this sanitary measure had not been adopted.

Very much on the same principle do poultices operate with great benefit, the opinion of Hahnemann to the contrary notwithstanding. This again is so simple, so cheap, and so domestic a remedy, that it seems hard for some people to see any thing good in it. Unfortunately for this generation, it has been known too long. But what kind of a poultice is best, is often asked. I answer, heat and moisture are the principal remedial agents in a simple poultice. And it matters not what is used, if these are secured to the best advantage. Bread and milk is a very popular one, but after all, no better than bread and water; and sometimes not so agreeable, as the milk sours. Sometimes a medicated poultice is indicated, when there is great pain, and a strong infusion of hops, mixed with bread or meal, makes a very good one. Pounded stramonium leaves, in a green state, also makes a good poultice. If there is great sloughing of a part, and gangrene or mortification is suspected, a poultice made of yeast should be applied, and frequently renewed. Poultices are safe and useful in almost all painful affections. There can hardly be but one objection to poultices where common sense seems to indicate them, and that is, where it is desirable to avoid supuration, as it is generally conceived that they encourage it, which I very much doubt. Indeed, I am inclined to the opposite opinion, and I have hardly a doubt but that they often prevent it. They deplete the part, and thus relieve the blood vessels. They soften the part, and thus diminish the pain. They diminish the swelling, and promote

absorption, and if there can be any thing better done to prevent suppuration, I know not what it is. If suppuration has already commenced, a poultice may aid the escape of the pus through the skin, by softening it. But if a part is not inclined to suppurate, you may poultice it as long as you please, and the patient will be about as likely to grow fat, from external nourishment, as the part will be to yield any pus. But if a man happens to "run against a snag," leaving on the end of it a pound of flesh, which would make a very considerable concavity in a leg or an arm, let him remember that there is nothing he can apply which will make the little granulations sprout out and fill the cavity, so beautifully, and so quickly, as a simple poultice. Keep it on, and never fear the snags, and you will find it so. Don't hear a word about plasters, and salves, and oils, and goose grease, and "all-healing ointments." Not a word of it. Every body has some healing remedy, but strictly speaking, there is *no* healing remedy in nature, but *nature herself*. Other things may remove dead weights, and nothing better than a poultice for this, unless the knife be indicated; but nature always *has*, and always *will* do all the healing herself, every bit of it, if it is ever done at all. So friend, don't forget the poultice, for it is a friend to almost every sore. I would here remark that there is hardly any part of the body where this application does more good, than the abdomen. But bear in mind, that you will do very little good with a "step-mother poultice," as my friend, Dr. Parker, calls it. Put on a good, generous one, equal (in bulk at least) to a thanksgiving supper in New England, and whether the disease be *colic*, *congestion*,

*inflammation*, or *irritation*, it will almost certainly be beneficial, if thoroughly done. In short, if we should put more bread on the outside, in the shape of poultices and fomentations, and less inside, in the shape of puddings and dressings, we should be better off; at least, if less pain, more comfort, and better health, be considered any object.

There is another hygienic agent, somewhat akin, in its effects, to the two last mentioned—viz. friction. This is another remedy which belongs to that list which *costs* nothing, and is therefore *worth* nothing. Sometimes people show their fallibility, very conclusively, by making estimates according to this rule. One-half of the curative influence which is attributed to vapor baths in Russia, may undoubtedly be credited to the *shampooing*, or friction which follows. It breaks up morbid adhesions, removes rigidity and stiffness of the joints, equalizes the circulation, promotes secretion and absorption, and encourages a general healthy action in the part. Nothing better for a weak chest than sponging it with cold water on first getting out of bed in the morning, and using friction thoroughly with coarse towel or flesh brush. Friction is equally good for cold feet, and for any part where there is a want of circulation, and I ought to have said that it should not be neglected in the foot-bath, or any other bath. There is a great variety of circumstances wherein this agent is invaluable. I should be happy to impress it upon the reader. I have often had a pain in my head entirely relieved by a gentle combing with a coarse comb. Of course the effect of this, or any other remedy, will be modified by the cause of the prin. Nature again gives us an instructive hint in this department.

How much might we learn from her, if we did not know too much already. Look at that sagacious animal, the dog. Nature has taught that animal how to cure a sore, and I question whether any surgeon can better it. Two very essential applications the dog makes every day—a cleansing and stimulating one. He faithfully and thoroughly licks the sore from time to time until it gets entirely well. In this way he keeps it clean, a very important item, and by means of friction, stimulates the part to a healthy action. Nature, I may remark, has also taught the dog to set us another example which we should still do well to imitate. When the dog gets sick, he keeps *quiet*, and is very *temperate*. The farmer knows very well that the curry-comb not only improves the *appearance* of his horse, but also his health. Oh that men were wise enough to treat themselves as well as they treat their beasts! Although a man frequently treats his horse ill *enough*, yet in reality he often treats himself still worse. And in more respects than one. A man will not insult his horse as much as to even offer him a glass of *rum*, or quid of *tobacco*. But as to the treatment of himself, the horse might laugh at his master, or rather mourn over his folly, if it was not too great to be appreciated!

If ladies treat *themselves* as well as they treat their *lap-dogs*, they of course get a washing, scrubbing and brushing quite as *often*!

As nothing is too trivial to be noticed, if *practical*. I call the attention of the reader to a very simple and efficient mode of heating small quantities of fluid, for the sick room,

which I should have noticed when speaking of poultices, if I had not forgotten it. It may be very acceptable to some, although a little out of place; while to others it may possibly be nothing new. It often happens in the night, and even in the day, that we suddenly and unexpectedly want a little hot water to make a poultice, or to facilitate or encourage the operation of an emetic, or for some other purpose, and perhaps there is not a drop of hot water, nor a spark of fire in the house. This is very common in warm weather, and not a very uncommon circumstance, even in cold weather; and possibly there is hardly a combustible on the premises, suitable for an ordinary fire. The case may be very urgent, as in Croup, when free emesis is important the first moment the signal is given. Now a pint of hot water is generally looked upon as a very small affair, and of little consequence; and to be sure it is, towards propelling a steamboat or a locomotive, but as simple and inconsiderable as it is, it may save a man's life. Now for this emergency, many have a spirit lamp, but it is often too tardy. Two ways for doing this may be pointed out. Take a metallic vessel, and copper is the best, as far as conducting heat is concerned, and put in as little water as is needed. Tie a small piece of sponge, say the size of an egg, to the end of a stick and dip the sponge into alcohol, touch it to a candle, and hold it under the vessel at a little distance, but as near to the bottom as will permit perfect combustion, in other words, not smother the blaze. This will make no smoke, and in two or three minutes will heat water enough for a good cup of tea or coffee, and while the sponge remains wet with the alcohol, it will not

even be scorched, but when the blaze begins to flag, blow it out and repeat. But for those who may be as destitute of alcohol or other spirits, as they are of hot water or fire, I propose to notice another simple process, with which I have often been well pleased. Others may have done the same thing, although I have not seen it noticed. Take a newspaper and tear it up into strips, and roll them up loosely, and hold one at a time ignited under the vessel as before directed, holding it upright to prevent the blaze approaching the hand too soon. This simple process will frequently answer every purpose. And it matters little what paper you take. For although some contain more combustible matter than others, and some also occasionally appear to be a little more *inflammable*, yet they will all *burn*, even after election is all over. Here the reader will perhaps receive a new stimulus to lay in a stock of fuel. It would seem that a man can hardly realize the full value of a paper, until he has reduced all the *ink to practice*, and all the *paper to ashes*. But as I have never given this kind of fuel a *scientific* experiment, for my own satisfaction, and also the readers, I will here stop, and take one of friend Fleet's "American Artisan's" which is lying by, a pretty cool paper to be sure, as to mineral fever and political passion, and see how much caloric we can get out of it.

Well, I took one quart of water accurately measured, being 52° (Fah.) put it into a copper pan, took the paper above mentioned, which is a *large* paper, and cut it into strips about four inches wide and rolled them up. After placing the pan in a convenient position, with the thermometer standing in the water, I burned the paper by



holding a strip in each hand, under the bottom of the pan and when I had consumed the last piece I found the temperature  $160^{\circ}$ . Hence it will be perceived that the temperature of a quart of water was raised  $108^{\circ}$  with a single newspaper, which I would hardly believe myself, if I did not know that there could have been no mistake. This is a sufficient quantity of water to make four ordinary poultices. All this was heated quicker than the ordinary spirit-lamp would heat a gill of water, beginning and ending at the same point, and as the boiling point is  $212$ , and as the fluid lacked only  $52^{\circ}$  of being at that point, and whereas one paper increased the temperature  $108^{\circ}$ , an additional half of a paper would increase it at least  $52^{\circ}$  more, and then we should have a sufficient temperature and a sufficient quantity to make coffee enough for four men. And if the temperature had been  $74^{\circ}$  to start with, what the Croton is in summer, it would have been only  $30^{\circ}$  below boiling point at the close of my experiment. At this rate six papers will heat a gallon of water boiling hot, and as a barrel contains thirty-two gallons, it will require but 192 papers to raise the temperature to boiling heat. And, supposing the daily publications in this city to amount to 100,000 papers equal in size to the American Artisan, these would afford combustible matter sufficient to raise the temperature from  $50$  to  $212^{\circ}$  of a quantity of water sufficient to fill 521 barrels, a load for 100 horses, or in a year (313 days) 163,073 barrels, or 5,218,336 gallons, which would float two ships of the line, or load 32,612 horses at five barrels each, and allowing to each the space of three rods, it would form a procession of horses and



carts 305 miles long, and in 79 years would encircle the globe.

Perhaps I ought to remark, that few who resort to this method of heating fluids, may be as well prepared to do it to the best advantage, and consequently they will consume more paper. If they use a tin vessel, and especially if it be bright, it will probably take double the time, and of course double the papers. But this is of no consequence, as almost every one has plenty of old papers lying about the premises. Any ordinary tin basin will answer the purpose very well, though not equal to a copper vessel. It can also be held in one hand, while the burning paper is held in the other, until it is nearly all consumed, by holding it in the right position. But those who may not like to hold the vessel in their hands, lest they burn their fingers, may find a very good support for the vessel on a pair of common tongs laid upon any thing sufficiently elevated. But those who do not regard a few shillings expense, can always have on hand a quantity of alcohol, and a piece of sponge attached to the end of a small wire, and a sheet iron stand to hold up the vessel, and with this apparatus, a quart of water may be heated at any moment in the night in a very short time. And I will just stop here, and try the experiment, which will not take me long, and which will save the reader and the writer from any erroneous "guessing." And as we are after facts, let us have them.

Well, I took the same copper pan which I used in my first experiment, and in it poured a quart of water at  $52^{\circ}$ , and put 6 oz. alcohol in a dish about the size of a small tea saucer, and placed it under the boiler instead of using the

sponge. By burning the alcohol in this way, which will answer every purpose, I found the temperature had raised in 6 minutes, to  $160^{\circ}$ , the point gained in the other experiment in burning one paper. After measuring the remaining alcohol, I found I had consumed just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz., which cost about 1 cent. I then weighed the newspaper, and found that it weighed just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. also.

There is an error, though probably not as common as formerly, but quite too common for profit, to which I may as well now advert, as it comes to my mind, and as I am speaking of small and common matters of every-day life. I allude to the habit of frightening children, and also deceiving them. It is not my province to say much respecting the latter, especially as to its *moral* bearing. But it is not altogether foreign to my subject, for every one knows that the physician can succeed far better with a patient who has confidence in him, than if this characteristic be wanting. And how can the child put confidence in the doctor, if his father and mother are in the habit of deceiving him daily? If he cannot confide in them, who can he believe—who can he trust? Parents often lie to their children, (to tell the plain truth, for I hear it almost every day,) and seem to think nothing of it. Frequently tell their children when about to give them medicine, that it has no bad taste, if it is as bitter as aloes, or as nauseous as castor oil. This is every way bad. The policy is bad, and the influence is still worse. I once came very near being turned out into the street, by a certain man in this city, for telling his only son the *truth*, after he had unfortunately told him a *lie*, which I well knew the boy would find out in ten

minutes—just as he did ! But it is perhaps more in accordance with the nature of my subject, to speak of the other error. It is common for some parents to tell their children when any thing does not go exactly to suit them, that if they do not obey, they will send for the *doctor* ! Thus the poor doctor has to be a *rod* for the whole neighborhood—and the children learn to look upon him as seven-fold worse than a live bear with claws and teeth. A physician told me the other day, that he was called to see a little patient who was naturally nervous and excitable, with whom this very game had been played. When the little sufferer found that the doctor must come in earnest, and expecting to be almost cut into inch pieces, and bled all but to death, the agony of mind was horrible, far worse than the disease ; and in this excited state, with every nerve put to the utmost stretch, the muscular system in a perfect tremor, and every evil imagination conceivable concentrated in the brain, as the doctor rang the bell and entered the house, the little patient fell flat on the floor in convulsions. And it would not have been very remarkable, if in this excited state of mind, it had fallen dead ! Oh what a miserable, wicked and foolish habit ! *Frights* operate very unfavorably upon the system at the time, and, independently of future discomfort, afford quite a sufficient argument against such a practice.

The habit of talking to children about witches, ghosts, and hobgoblins is fortunately much less common now, than it was in days of yore. Even since my remembrance, there has been as much improvement in the use of the tongue in this respect, as there has been increased abuse of it in others, if that were possible. I well remember,

(and I may well say that, for such things are *never forgotten*) the time when every quack of a duck, and squall of a goose, and screech of an owl, and scream of a cat, and spring of a toad, and start of a leaf, after dark, was a witch. These witches and ghosts which used to be so plenty in New England, (not that I wish to say ought against my own blessed native land, for I would have been born no where else, witches or no witches) were generally manufactured at the fire-side during the long winter evenings, when the good mothers (and of course every man had a good mother in those days if he had any, yes they were all good, but I never saw any equal to *mine*,) were in the habit of meeting together, of course not forgetting their "knitting work," to tell love stories, and war stories, and witch stories ; while the children, who were too young to *know* anything, but just old enough to *remember* everything, were permitted to swallow every marvellous tale. An influence was there exerted which could never afterwards be shaken off. The remarkable tenacity with which impressions made at that period of life, will cling to us, no matter how absurd, no matter how correct the judgment, is worthy of notice. For it speaks volumes in favor of a judicious influence at that period. Many have been made miserable half their lives, through the agency of foolish stories. Almost every man has had some experience in this matter, although it very much depends upon the natural temperament whether the impression made, be deep and lasting. There was a ghost who appeared to a boy in Franklin County, Mass., about mid-day in the year 1817, yes, he was *sure* that it was a real ghost,

and all the people in town, men, women, and children, had not half eloquence enough to convince him to the contrary. I said that it happened at noonday, and this made the boy the more certain that it was no counterfeit. It appeared to him under peculiar circumstances. Perhaps many of the good people of that town, have long since forgotten that interesting and marvellous event, if they ever knew it. At any rate it made so much impression on my mind, being at that time in the neighborhood, that I recollect it as well as if it had happened yesterday.

The lad was in a field gathering up stones, and being alone, was favorably situated for calling to mind the many strange sights and sounds, which had been the subject of the evening's entertainment the night before. At a little distance was a vault, where four neighboring families deposited their dead. This contributed in no small degree to stir up his emotions, as he thought of its inhabitants, who lay there waiting for a command to come forth. While deeply exercised in stretching up the imagination to the wildest height of fancy, he cast his eyes toward the tomb. And suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the form of a person clothed in white, stood facing him, upon the house of the dead, directly over the door. He looked at it with his own eyes, at any rate with such eyes as he had, and saw it distinctly for himself. After looking at it for a moment, he saw an arm raised, which, beyond the shadow of a doubt, beckoned him to draw near. This so powerfully affected him, that he came very near becoming a ghost himself. For, from what I knew of the circumstances, I shall always think that he did but just escape in-

stant death. He dropped his burden, and for some time could not move an inch. But after recovering a little, was able to reach home, of course not daring to look again toward the tomb. The shock evidently affected his health for more than two years, although probably not suspected. Now all the witches of Salem, and ghosts of New England, could never have shaken that boy's confidence in the reality, if he had not seen with his own eyes the mystery solved. It happened that while the worms were gnawing within the tomb, others also wrought a winding sheet without. The vault was situated in the side of a small hill. On the top of it, immediately over the door, had grown up spontaneously, a wild cherry tree, which was about as tall as a man ; which the boy had never noticed. Over this tree, the worms had spread their mantle, as it was the time or season when they usually make their nests. A limb about the length of a man's arm extending from the body near the top, was so perfectly and ingeniously covered, that at a little distance it sufficiently resembled an arm to answer all the purposes of a ghost. As the boy approached the spot, a day or two after the fearful sight, in company with a friend ; when sufficiently near to have a fair view of the premises, there came a light breeze and tost up the limber twig, as though it had plenty of joints and muscles, beckoning to all around to draw near, while the ghost vanished, and the boy laughed, and thought that he had better not *tell*, nor *hear*, any more ghost stories. I have been more particular to give this in detail, because there is a certain class, who still follow this foolish practice, and because I am confident that frights are more pre-

judicial to health than is generally supposed, and because the narrative is strictly true to the letter, as it all happened to the writer.

Immediately after this occurred, I had violent and tumultuous action of the heart, accompanied by distressing dyspnœa ; the respiration being so difficult that I frequently had to sit up, to sleep. These symptoms came on without any apparent cause ; and what I now regard as the true cause, was never suspected—indeed I was not very proud of the matter, and consequently few were the wiser for my experience. Now it is not difficult to perceive how a fright may give to the system a shock, which may prove as fatal as a shock from lightning. But this is not by any means the principle evil to fear. The danger is that people will be made to suffer half their days for nothing. I may remark that although I was thoroughly convinced that what I had confidently believed was the appearance of some one from the world of spirits, was all a delusion ; yet strange as it may appear to some, I could not bear to pass a grave yard in the night, for years and years, although my judgment told me better, yet my imagination would flash away beyond the reach of judgment or reason, threatening to leave all behind a perfect wreck. The fact is, an impression may be produced in a *moment*, but it takes an *age* to erase it. To conclude the subject of frights, I would advise those parents who cannot ; or who *think* they cannot, govern their children without threatening to send for that awful monster, the DOCTOR, for every disobedience, and who cannot entertain them for an hour without a ghost or a witch story, to send them at once to a boarding school, or an asylum.



I now call the attention of the reader to another part of my subject, viz :—

## EXERCISE .

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This is a matter of very great importance, and demands our encouragement at every period of life. It has equal claims upon all nations ; and the whole animal kingdom is hardly less exempt than man. But notwithstanding the necessity is so great, and the result so good, when properly resorted to, and so ruinous when neglected, yet many, yea very many, let the precious opportunity slip, for securing one of the greatest earthly blessings, which man can ever gain, until their folly reveals to them a shattered constitution, an artificial nervous system, a scrofulous diathesis, and consumption developed. Woe be to the man, who neglects to lay this foundation stone, this corner stone of health. He may do it, and dream of success and safety in the use of a substitute, as much as he will, but he will sooner or later bitterly repent of his folly.

While so many are sacrificing their health, their comfort, their usefulness, and I might say their all ; to a listless, idle, passive life ; it behooves those who fully realize the evil tendency of this *ease-loving* age, to speak out to the generations of the living, such sentiments as the vast importance of such a vital subject demands. The careful attention of the reader, to the subject now under consideration, is therefore respectfully solicited, while we briefly examine it under four heads, viz :—



1. Its *importance*. 2. The *testimony* in its favor. 3. Its proper *mode*. 4. Its *results*.

1. That active and habitual exercise *are* important, to develope a strong and symmetrical body—to preserve the health—to give to food a pleasant relish, and to sleep a refreshing sweetness—to make the mind cheerful, the passions governable, and life with all its burdens, comfortable ; appears too obvious to need any proof. But it is one thing to *admit*, and another thing to *feel*. It is one thing to *say*, but quite another thing to *do*. If a convoy of angels should be commissioned to fly from the heavenly world to this sickly planet, with a message for the slothful sons and daughters of Adam, and should take their stands at the corners of our streets, and with the voice of a trumpet cry *health, strength, and life* to the active ; they would not have half so many hearers this day, as if they cried *cash, pleasure, power*. Let them tell the inhabitants how to get *gold*, and ten thousand times ten thousand, would be ready to fall down and worship them, saying, O tarry with us, tarry with us, for your message is thankfully received ; your words do us good, they are better than life, pray tarry, till we, our children, and our children's children, have all obtained skill and wisdom to get gold. But, as many would seem to require much less evidence in favor of the importance of getting gold, than of getting *health*, we must turn our attention for a moment to the

## 2. *Testimony in favor of physical exercise.*

The best specimens in its favor *positively*, are those who use it most, (if not to excess,) and the best *negative* testimony in its favor, are those who use it least. And

the negative and the positive testimony every where abound. And the living witnesses which may be found in almost every street, are doubtless sufficient to satisfy every candid mind who will stop for a moment to notice the difference between the active and the idle man. And there is a difference in more respects than one. Their *health*, and *strength*, their *happiness* and *usefulness*, their *physical* and *mental* enjoyments are by no means the same. See the man who lives an active stirring life! Who has work for his hands, as well as his head. He has a noble frame, a strong arm, a clear head, a well balanced mind, and a confiding heart. He is not jealous of his neighbors, nor suspicious of his friends, nor afraid of his shadow, nor an enemy of his race. Not so with those who take little or no exercise. Is such a man in a good condition to endure hardship? Is he in a good condition to enjoy comfort? Is he well prepared to meet adversity? No indeed; he is not even prepared to meet prosperity. And instead of being qualified for activity, or the commerce of life, it would make him pant to carve a turkey! There is just about as much difference between the active and the idle man, as there is between the right hand and the left, when the former is made to do the work of both, while the latter hangs passive in a sling. Every one is familiar, to some extent with the result of such an experiment. But we have strong testimony in favor of exercise, in the book of *inspiration*, which in almost numberless cases condemns idleness, and applauds activity. And not so much to hoard up gold, as to promote spiritual and physical health. In the book of *nature* too, we have testimony as clear as the

noonday sun. The allwise Creator has placed every living creature (with possibly a very few exceptions) in circumstances which make it necessary for all to live a stirring life. And why? Simply because it is *best* for each and all. In this way the smallest animalcule is perfectly developed. And by this very necessity each one probably receives as much comfort as it is possible for it to enjoy. It is interesting to look at the clear testimony which comes to us from the hands of our Creator at a particular time of life. It is as much to the point, as if every word which has ever been spoken by man in favor of physical exercise, had been written down in the Bible by inspired prophets.

Look at the frolicksome lamb, the kid, the calf, the colt, the kitten. In one sense there is less need of active exertion at this period, yet in a very important sense is active exercise more demanded than at any other time of life. *Now*, the beneficial effect is two fold. Parents should keep this in mind. It is necessary for the natural growth of the body, and for the preservation of health. And how is this important end obtained, while there is so little necessity for exertion? By a universal inclination to play. In this very way the propensity for exercise, is so great that it can hardly be restrained. And surely none but an atheist will say that this is an accidental circumstance. Take for example the kitten. During about one third of its growth, it hardly need to use a limb to procure a subsistence, as its mother furnishes it with milk and with meat. Yet every one knows that this playful kitten will take more steps in a day than its mother. And although with a different object, will nevertheless produce an equally im-

portant result. But as some parents do not view this subject in the right light, and seem to suppose that there is no necessity for so much play—that little boys ought to be almost old men, and little girls, old women; I beg leave to present a physiological reason why this playful propensity should not be restrained.\* The brain of a child six years of age is found to be about  $\frac{1}{22}$  of its entire weight. Whereas that of an adult is only  $\frac{1}{35}$  to  $\frac{1}{48}$ . Now, it is well understood that children are far more prone to convulsions, than adults. And here we perceive a reason—the nervous centre is excessively developed. And while this living, sparkling mass, is effervescing, we ought to give our children much for their hands to do, and little for their heads. Let it be understood that this superabundance of nervous energy, stimulates the young to run and jump, and laugh and play, with all their might, so that their desire is sometimes so great for play and amusement, that it can hardly be restrained. And by no means should it be restrained, but encouraged. Parents, let your children play at all suitable times, and in all suitable places; for in so doing *they obey the voice of nature*. They were made to play, and enjoy amusements. Their Creator expects them to play. Let them jump, and laugh, and shout, and sing, and so work off this excess of nervous fluid through this *safety valve*, lest you find them dying of convulsions, or suffering some calamity equally bad. And as we need, and can *have*, no stronger proof in its favor, than the fact that we were *made* for physical exercise, we will turn our attention to the third proposition and inquire

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\* According to the opinions of some physiologists.

*How we should exercise.*

Some people are foolish enough to suppose that a man can hardly learn how to *breathe* without going to Europe ; and of course, nothing can satisfy such persons short of going to Paris, and having Col. Amoros show them how to climb a *ladder*, lift a *weight*, and pull a *rope*. Well, let them go. But as there are thousands skilled in the art, on the way, they will learn all that, before they get far, if it is not their own fault. The truth is, there is no necessary mysticism at all about Gymnastics. Show me a man who is determined to take active exercise daily in the open air, and I shall have little fear for that man, though he may never see a Gymnast in his life. All that can be said on the subject, will do more good in the way of encouraging people *to* practice it, rather than in showing them *how* to practice it. Still it may be proper to notice a few simple rules. Whatever plan may be devised for encouraging this healthful act, and whatever apparatus may be used, it should be remembered that much will depend upon the state of the *mind*, whether the exercise itself shall be found beneficial, or even *injurious*. A man may endure an amount of exercise and hardship, with impunity and perhaps benefit, in some fond pursuit, which might kill him if compelled to do the same thing. Exercise which produces excitement highly *pleasurable*, will be far more salutary, than that which is not attended with recreation. It will be far more resorted to, and its influence on the *mind* will often be most happy. In short, we must imitate nature's plan, and make it all *play*. Present the right kind of exercise, and you can hardly find a

man so old, that he will not, at least for a time, become a boy again. Amusement will be, and should be had; and if that which is *harmless* cannot readily be obtained, that which is *hurtful* will be very likely to be substituted.

*Variety*, is also important, and it not only affords more pleasure, but calls into play a greater number of muscles.

In taking exercise, two errors are quite common. One consists in doing too *much*, and the other in doing too *little*. The excess, is common at Gymnasiums. Some seem to suppose that unless they put every part to the severest test—unless they almost turn the inside, out and put their brains in the bottoms of their shoes, and strain every muscle until they can see stars by day light, that they do almost nothing. In this way, I believe there is often more hurt done than good. Let those who do not believe this, ask the *Jockey's* opinion about such extremes. He will tell them that even a *horse* subject to such treatment, would soon be ruined, and would pass for a “strained horse.” If they do not believe him, or think that a man ought to be treated worse than a beast, let them ask the physician what he knows about the strains, bruises, ruptures, hemorrhages &c., which thus occur.

This violent exercise is not beneficial, is not demanded, is not the voice of nature, and is not safe. Let the man attempt this who has hernia or tendency thereto; organic disease of the heart, or any other vital organ; an unnatural tendency of blood to the head, lungs, liver, stomach or any other important part—weak joints, diseased bones,

debility, hemorrhagic diathesis, aneurism &c., and he will be very likely to put his life in jeopardy.

The other error if not so immediately dangerous, is far more common and in the aggregate more disastrous. A lady who might perhaps enjoy good health, and good spirits, be useful to herself, her friends, and the world, and find many a sweet and pleasant hour, even in this "vale of tears," instead of carrying about a world of suffering without and within, if she only had ambition enough, or could in any way be induced to live a stirring life. The great difficulty generally is, to thoroughly convince such persons that they are radically deficient in this particular. Why, she walks around one block every day, and goes down stairs to dinner, and thinks that she really does wonders, and cannot imagine why she is not as strong as a giant! If she would add to the number one block every day, and perhaps cut off a few right-hand-luxuries at the table, and pluck out a few right-eye-indulgences elsewhere, she might soon solve the mystery. The great thing is to regularly take plenty of exercise in such a way as to give every muscle full play, and the body a free and easy motion. But be sure to take it in the *open air*. Be more afraid of a dusty, smoky, gassy, confined apartment; than of wind, rain, snow, hail, and thunder. Gymnasiums in this respect, are altogether faulty. One of the best arranged Gymnasiums that I ever saw, and probably a better one can hardly be produced, I had the pleasure of seeing twenty five or thirty years ago in Massachusetts. A better teacher than it had, cannot be found. The exercises appeared to be of the most appropriate and healthful



character. They were enjoyed in the highest degree both by the actors and spectators, and I have never since seen anything of the kind more perfect. I suppose the same may be seen there to-day in a flock of lambs. Yes, in the open field, in the shady forest, and out upon the great and wide spread sea, are the appropriate places for exercise. These are nature's Gymnasiums, and they all have a perfect teacher. Can the farmer improve upon nature's plan for giving exercise to the lamb in the pasture? Can the hunter teach the fawn how to gambol in the wilderness? Can the fisherman teach the whale how to swim in the great deep? Shall the untutored Indian whose savage yell is a living earthquake, go to a Gymnast to learn how to expand his chest or inflate his lungs?

It is well known that many exercise much, even more than they should, and yet do not receive the benefit which they need. The failure may be attributed to *location* and *position*. Many specimens might be given, but two will be sufficient for our present purpose—viz., the *Tailor* and the *Wood-sawyer*. The former works as hard, and is as tired at night as the latter. But every one knows that the effects of these different exercises are not alike good. The latter has greatly the advantage of the former, both in location and position, and consequently receives a correspondingly greater amount of benefit.

The position of the tailor, is bad, and in its tendency sufficiently prejudicial to health, one would suppose, to prompt every manufacturer of clothing, if only *semi-human*, to pay those hard-working, honest, and needy females a fair



price for their labor, who are compelled to bow down over their goods day in, and day out. But alas ! they are not always so fortunate as to be thus remunerated for their toil. These abused seamstresses are to be pitied for various reasons. Two of which I will mention. In return for their hard toil, they often get *poor pay, and poor health*. Although I have nothing to do with the guilt of those who oppress the hireling, yet it may be proper to notice for a moment the result of "grinding the face of the poor" in relation to its bearing upon health. Suppose a poor widow has to support herself and her little ones, with her needle. She goes to a clothing shop and asks for work. The man says, I can give you a lot of vests to make, for which I will pay you ten cents a piece. Can you give no more? Not a cent ! I fear I shall starve at that price ! I cannot help that, I can get as many made for *nine*, as I please. Well I must do something, for my poor children have not yet had any breakfast, and I was compelled to leave them in bed, through the day for want of fuel and clothing, and besides all this, my poor boy, my only boy, and future dependence, is now very sick, and I have not got a shilling to pay for the medicine which the doctor has already ordered, and how am I to redeem the clothing which I had to take from his bed yesterday, to the pawn-brokers, to keep my children from starving, I know not : so you will much oblige me by being so good as to let me have as many at that rate as you think that I can make in time to answer your purpose. But the inhuman monster, ready to take advantage of her honest confession, replies, I can only let you have a dollars worth at that price, but you can take more at nine cents if you like.

She takes as many as she can well carry in her feeble condition, and hurries home as fast as she can, to encourage the sick and hungry ones, to expect relief in due time. She plies her needle with all her might the live long day, and half the night, giving a word of hope and comfort to the little group at almost every stitch, and from time to time administering to the wants of all according to her ability. And thus she goes on, day after day, trying to make her little darlings as comfortable as possible, without hardly thinking of herself, or daring to look forward to quarter day. But still she finds that she can by no possible effort, gain upon her stock of comforts. She looks at the last loaf of bread, the last inch of candle, and the last spoonful of coal; and with a sigh and a tear, starts with ten vests for ——— street or woolen-barber's-row to get her dollar. But does the poor abused widow, get even that, after thrice earning it. No, the villain\* declares that as ninety sixpence are eight shillings, so ninety six cents are one dollar, and will not pay her another farthing. All this rascality has actually more than once occurred. And indeed I do not know that the devil himself is often guilty of a meaner trick. Certainly his causing a herd of swine to run down a steep place and perish in the sea was not half as mean a trick for a *devil*, as thus to cheat the widow, and rob the fatherless, is for a *man*. Now it will not be very difficult to perceive, that this kind of exercise which is sufficiently bad under almost any circumstances, will not be likely to prove very salutary under

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\* My soul is too much stirred within me to give him a better name : and if the reader is disposed to consider this a little too severe, let him for a moment imagine the poor abused widow to be his own dear mother, and see if he does not almost find it necessary to say to his own blood, be cool !

such discouragements and abuse. Who cannot see that if this class of persons could once feel that they were well paid for their toils, that by their industry and economy, something could be accumulated for a "a rainy day," that if they could hear hope whisper at every stitch, better times by and by, that they might work hard, early and late, with far less risk of constitutional suffering! But lest the reader should get an uncharitable opinion of the trade, or infer that the writer entertains such feelings, I ought to remark that most of those who make custom work in the city, pay a fair liberal price, according to the best information that I can obtain. My tailor, who is a gentleman of integrity, informs me that he pays from seven to ten shillings for making vests, and eight to eleven shillings for making pantaloons. And, that other good shops pay as much. This I think may be called a liberal price, as it enables a good seamstress to average about one dollar a day. I am happy to make this statement, inasmuch as it is believed, that a wrong impression rests upon the minds of some, on this subject. And also because, that in selecting the above example to illustrate the fact that it does not altogether depend upon the manner of taking exercise, whether benefit or injury shall result, but much upon the state of the mind; I might without this explanation, even injure the innocent. And lest some may say, that it cannot be that such a pirate as just described is tolerated in this goodly city, and feel inclined to think that I have given the picture a little too dark a color, for the sake of illustration; I beg leave to say that this gentleman, to whom I have just alluded, informs me that he has now a

female in his employ, who has been wronged in this very way, and he gave me the name of the robber, which I am not quite sure that I ought to withhold from the public, as every man ought to shun such an establishment as he would a den of thieves.

Active exercise immediately after a full meal is not advisable. Here again we may learn wisdom from nature. Indeed her teaching is always good. Go to the pasture and look at the noble horse, the dutiful ox, and the gentle cow, and see how quietly and how quickly they retire for some soft spot, after obtaining a plentiful supply of food. This is the time when the stomach has an important function to perform, and its energies should not be diminished by laborious exercise. Neither is strong *mental* exertion as safe as at other seasons. Although exercise materially aids digestion, yet let it be remembered that it does so by giving a healthy tone to the digestive organs when taken at a proper time, and not by giving the body or the mind a hard task to perform at this critical period. It should not be forgotten that regular hours for *rest*, are quite as important as exercise.

#### 4. *Beneficial Result.*

*Physical exercise* is useful in at least a twofold sense. It is of much service to the *mind*, as well as beneficial to the corporeal frame. The union of mind and matter is a very profound and mysterious subject. Sometimes they harmonise, at other times they disagree. How they act, and re-act upon each other we know not. But we know that such is the fact. Now when we find anything for our

hands to do which is *agreeable*, it assists the mind in getting out of the deep labyrinth of imaginary evil. And thus prevents its preying upon itself, or the body. It is also of paramount importance to the material frame. But the benefits are too numerous to be detailed, and we will therefore merely glance at a few.

“ Agreeable exercise,” says a distinguished writer, “ acts as a salutary excitant to the intellectual faculties and sensations.” “ Employed moderately, has a tonic and stimulating influence on the system, and is calculated to be beneficial in a great variety of complaints. Used immoderately, it exhausts both the mental and bodily powers, and produces great debility.” *Exercise promotes digestion, assimilation, secretion, circulation, absorption, exhalation and respiration.* The last named function is influenced by exercise in a very important sense, and somewhat differently from the others, and demands a special notice. The thorax, which contains in its cavity the lungs, heart, &c., is composed of several tissues, three of which it will be sufficient to notice on this occasion, bones, muscles and cartilages. The bones and cartilages constitute the principal frame work, and are so articulated as to admit of a pretty free motion in several directions, and thus allow a modification of said cavity by dilatation and contraction. These movements produce inspiration and expiration, which together constitute the function of *respiration*. But it will be remembered that the *muscles* are the only *active* organs of locomotion, and of course are the only active agents in performing this indispensable function. In this interesting and vitally important operation, the lungs are passive.

They have not the least power to draw in, or expel a particle of air, except when distended, they have a tendency to return upon themselves by virtue of their elasticity ; so that we may say that we breathe with our *muscles* instead of our lungs. It is true they use the lungs—so they also use the bones, cartilages, ligaments, &c., but the muscles do the work, and in extreme emergency the number which are brought into active service amount to *one hundred and one*. Now when we reflect upon the interesting and altogether indispensable change in the blood, which is constantly produced in the lungs during life, (at least after birth,) and which change appears to be the great design of the function of respiration, and remember that this change can only be accomplished by muscular effort, we shall in some measure appreciate that exercise which calls into play the respiratory muscles in such a manner that they shall become strong to so expand and contract the chest, that no obstruction shall prevent a free circulation of air through all the delicate air vesicles where said change is wrought. Exercise that does this, is sure to do good. And I may here remark, that ladies need to be encouraged to practice calisthenics in reference to this subject, even more than gentlemen, and for two important reasons. The nature of their employment demands it, and they should, if possible, be induced to promote *expansion* of the chest as well as contraction.

I beg leave to notice an instrument which has been brought forward within a few years, with strong recommendations in its favor by the venders, as being a wonderful apparatus for inflating the lungs, for improving the

chest, for curing Consumption, and I suppose, every other malady but *Hydrophobia*: It is called "*Inhaling Tube*." Now, although I am not prepared to admit that the use of this tube does all the good which is claimed for it, by any means; neither do I intend to say that it does *no* good. But that it does any good in the way that it is supposed to operate, I deny altogether. This tube through which the person breathes who uses it, is smaller internally than *nature's tube*. The reader may laugh, and we will admit that nature generally does her work pretty well, but let us examine this a little further. This diminished calibre makes it necessary for a man to make a very considerable effort to obtain a sufficient supply of air. Now here I might stop; for it will be seen at a glance, that this is simply an obstruction which calls for extra effort on the part of the respiratory muscles, in order to obtain the required amount of air, and of course by this increased exertion, there is an increase of strength and volume of the muscles. This we admit. But is the obstruction, aside from this, any benefit to the *lungs*, as is contended? Not in the least. Exercise, I admit, is indispensable; but obstruction of the free ingress and egress of the air, is a *damage*. Hang a man up by the neck five minutes, or even one minute, a few times every day, and see if you do his lungs any good. Now, why do we recommend giving active exercise to the respiratory muscles at all? Is it not that the lungs may be furnished with a good supply of pure air? Then why put in the way an obstruction? It is just like working hard at the pump to keep the ship from sinking, and at the same time preventing a free discharge into the



ocean. I must confess that I do not believe in "strangling the pump." Now, it is perfectly clear that in using this "Inhaling Tube," the lungs cannot possibly be supplied with as much pure air in a given time, as without it. Neither has the respiratory apparatus power to get rid of the air which has become useless, to any better advantage, for the obstruction is the same in inspiration and expiration. But it is contended that this *retention* is beneficial. A statement so absurd, is hardly worthy of a reply. But as many *have*, and others probably *will* be sadly disappointed in using this article, fondly expecting it to do what it never can, I will give a few reasons for believing such a sentiment preposterous. I would ask those who cure by *strangulation*, why breathe at all? What is the object of this function? In the process of respiration two vitally important changes occur at every breath. One in the air, the other in the blood. This important fluid (the blood) is the circulating medium of all nourishment. After our food is digested, and the nutritious portion is converted into chyle, it is taken up by the lacteals or absorbents, and conveyed to the thoracic duct, thence to the subclavian vein, where it commingles with the blood, thence it passes to every tissue of the body, making at each, a corresponding deposit. By this wonderful and mysterious law, is the waste which is constantly going on in the body, repaired. But there is an element, an indispensable element, which the blood must receive from another source. And in going this "endless round," it also receives an element from which it is equally important that it should be separated. This mutual exchange can occur only in the *lungs*. As the



blood returns from all parts of the system to the left side of the heart from whence it started, in passing through the lungs, it undergoes a change called aeration, or oxygenation, and is converted from venous or black blood, into arterial or red blood ; which simply means that it has parted with a portion of carbonic acid, and received in return a portion of oxygen. In this interesting process, the blood absorbs through the delicate membrane lining the air vesicles about one-ninth of the oxygen in the air inhaled, and gives off at the same breath an equal amount of carbonic acid. Now it will be perceived that not only the blood becomes changed in respiration, but the *air* also, and that in a two-fold sense. It has parted with a large proportion of its *vital principle*, and has received in return an equal amount of a *deadly poison*. Now is any one foolish enough to suppose that any thing is to be gained by retaining this impure air, or any part of it, in the lungs, any longer than nature intended ? Where do we find *Consumption* most developed ? Do not those who live in a contaminated atmosphere, in ill-ventilated habitations, most frequently suffer ? And where should a man strongly predisposed to this terrible malady, be sent to save him from being consumed ? He should live on a horse's back almost day and night. But it is said that this protracted expansion of the thorax is also beneficial. I know of no evidence that such is the fact, but the explanation already given on the score of *exercise* ; and this can be had as well without protracted expansion as with it. Such a suspension of the ordinary motions of the thorax is not called for. And a *permanent dililation* of the cavity of the chest would be just as fatal

as a permanent *contraction*. The chest, it will be remembered, becoming fixed at *any* point, would produce instant death. In ordinary respiration, the lungs are not more than half filled, probably not more than one-third. It may be well to fully inflate them by taking a long breath, and thus thoroughly expand the chest, and do it repeatedly through the day. Indeed, I believe it to be a good practice. But, I ask, can it not be done much better without the tube than with it? Let the reader hold his breath for a moment, and see how much he can expand the chest. But I am willing to give *Aeropathy*, (for I know not what else to call it,) all the credit that it deserves, and I would therefore recommend such persons as cannot be induced to take active exercise, without partial suffocation, to practice it. But for a certain class of persons, if any tube is to be substituted for the old-fashioned one with which they began to breathe, I think I can propose a better article than the one now under consideration. I would suggest that the tube be made large enough to give the air a free circulation, and long enough to *run up through the top of the house*. The reader will now perceive that I am in favor of breathing pure out door air, and through *nature's* tube.

The benefit derived from exercise, is not always apparent when first taken. Indeed it is quite common for people to adopt a very erroneous conclusion in regard to the first effect of taking some kind of exercise to which the person has not been accustomed. It is said "it has done me more hurt than good, for I feel as sore as if I had been pounded." Not so. It simply proves that certain idle muscles have been set to work, and no wonder that they at

first complain. Don't let this deter you a moment. It is just the blacksmith's experience when he first begins to swing the hammer. But every one knows full well that his arm is far from becoming puny by this apparent injury. Persevere, and the effect will be, that the muscles will increase in volume and strength, and will soon cease to complain. If bread may be called with propriety the "staff of life," surely exercise with equal propriety may be called the staff of *health*.

Now if physical exercise is so beneficial in *health*, it cannot be difficult to perceive, that an important benefit may be derived from such an agent, in a variety of *mala-*dies. Especially when we consider that many diseases are induced by sedentary habits. And probably none more frequently than that which is so well known, and yet so *ill* known, viz ; dyspepsia. It is to be presumed that no disease has more victims than this. And hardly any which makes its subjects so wretched in body and mind. And few more susceptible of cure, or improvement. And yet no physician in his right mind, would think of treating it successfully without plenty of exercise in the open air. But while we highly value exercise both in health and disease, we must guard against the present tendency to one-idealism. We know that it does good, yea much good. But we do not expect it to do *everything*. We hail it as an indispensable agent, but not as a specific. The reader may recollect that some few years since, a gentleman in the City of New York, proposed curing Dyspepsia by a new process. And many sent to him from different parts of the country for the secret, which consisted in *thumping the*

*belly*. And this thumping process which was thus put in operation throughout the land, was not altogether in vain. Neither is it strange that this thumping, punching, rubbing, and kneading the abdomen should be more or less beneficial. I have no doubt that such was the fact, for I have heard some confess it. And those who have been thus benefitted, are so many witnesses in favor of physical exercise. But this *Thumpingpathist* has since happily hit upon a better prescription viz. "*Halstead's Patent Exercising Chair*," which I think is the best substitute for Horseback exercise, that we can have in a sick room. And I am happy to confess that I have received benefit from its use, while confined to my house, by two months severe illness. That is during convalescence.

Indeed the beneficial effects of exercise, so abound on every side, that those who have hitherto been blind on this important subject, ought to receive their sight.

Lest I offend the advocates for *Hydropathy*, I beg leave to say that the use of cold water internally and externally, is indispensable to health, and should by no means be neglected, either at home or abroad. But dont let a few drops of this valuable fluid, wash away all confidence in everything else. Just remember that this is only *one* among *many* valuable agents. That a simple fluid which has ever constituted a large proportion of our victuals and drink, which has hardly been out of our mouths or off our faces since we were born, should now in these latter days, become the world over, the "*pool of Bethesda*," is truly marvelous. Let it be understood, that I do not undervalue

the use of pure water, as a hygienic, or therapeutic agent. I would rather extol its virtues, and urge a more frequent use of this fluid, which is after all, nothing but *water*. It is good in its place.

The fact is, we have so many one-idea doctors, and one-idea-patients, that we have to look out sharp for extremes. For it would seem that those who go the whole figure for the water-cure, would have us believe that as a matter of course, if thoroughly applied, cold water will be just as certain to wash away every curable disease by which the suffering are afflicted, as is the mighty Niagara to wash everything down into the deep and fearful abyss which floats upon the very verge of the unparalleled cataract. Suppose a man should say, I have found ten good things (we will not follow the fashion and limit him to one) and that is enough. No man ought to have more. Everything can be done with *ten* good things, which can be done with a greater number, and therefore everything else of course is useless. What would people say of him? In every thing else but in treating the sick, he would be called a *fool*. But in practicing the healing art, the number is too great by *nine*! Yes, *water* is all-sufficient. It is *the* remedy. "It is nature's own remedy." Well, so it is. But had nature anything more to do in causing the water to flow, than in causing the Rhubarb, the Ipecac and the Poppy to grow? The question is not, is there no *water*, but "Is there no *balm* in Gilead?" But on a certain occasion, the Great Physician himself saw proper to use water in restoring sight, but let it be remembered that even here, he first spat on the ground and made clay (a

mineral remedy) and annointed the blind man's eyes, and said, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." Some of our water-cure doctors are so afraid of drugs that they even attempt to exclude common salt from the table. Well, let us look at this best of all condiments, and valuable medicinal agent, and see if this is not also "nature's own remedy." I will first introduce the anti-drug doctor to one of the "Salt licks" as they are called by the hunter. These brackish springs abound in our western forests, and the Elk and the Deer have a great relish for this saltish water as I can testify, having frequently lain all night secreted near by, with my rifle in my hands, ready to take advantage of that propensity for "drugs" which nature has given them; for how else did they get it? The Wolf and the Panther not unfrequently take their station, there also, for their portion of meat. And although the poor deer find no friends at such places, and notwithstanding that they get frightened away again and again, yet so strong is the craving for salt, that they will return night after night, and the paths leading to these springs which have been worn down by their feet, appear to have been made for ages. I recollect one of these springs which was much frequented, situated within a few rods of a stream of pure water, yet the deer evidently travelled miles on the bank of this creek, and apparently without drinking a drop of it, to gratify their appetites at this particular place of resort. I have also made for them what are called "artificial licks" by boring into a tree lying upon the ground, and filling the hole with salt. And I have been surprised to see how soon these animals would find it. And not only



so, but to see how they would gnaw into the solid wood to get the salt. Now these animals, (untaught by man) obey the voice of *nature*, and what do you say anti-drug-doctor, is not this "nature's own remedy?" The *Jockey* also might give you some light on the subject, for he treats *his* patients better, knowing that if he does not, they will die of "botts." The *farmer* too, knows very well, that this relish for salt was not given to his *flocks* in vain. And if he happens to forget it, nature soon jogs his memory with a *dead lamb*.

Finally, I refer the reader to a form of punishment which once existed in Holland. "The ancient laws of the country ordained men to be kept on bread alone, *unmixed with salt*, as the severest punishment that could be inflicted on them in their moist climate. The effect was horrible; these wretched criminals are said to have been devoured with worms engendered in their own stomachs." (*Paris on diet*—page 78.)

Now, I do not say that all the water cure doctors carry their abhorrence of "drugs" quite so far. That some do, or did some time since, I can testify. Others, I believe, are not quite so easily frightened. Some, however, have one theory, and some have another.

But there are other professed practitioners whose theories are no better. I may notice the Thompsonians as another class. They go mainly by *steam*, and, of course, kill or cure, with great dexterity. They are generally called "Steam Doctors" at the West, though not unfrequently receive the appellation of "Red Pepper Doctors," from their frequent use of capsicum.



I was once so unfortunate as to witness the painful termination of a case which happened to fall into the hands of one of these one-idea men. The subject was a gentleman in whose employ I was then engaged. He generally enjoyed excellent health, and had a strong constitution, but being indisposed he was persuaded, against his own judgment, to employ one of the *Hot Water Doctors*; and, in two days from the time he left his store, he was literally steamed to death, or at least past hope, and died in a day or two after. His own words to me, I shall never forget—"Run for Doctor Lewis, for this man has killed me." And as I loved the man, as "David loved Jonathan," the reader will not be surprised that I have little sympathy for these "Pa'ent Doctors," as they are also called. Now the fault was not so much in the remedy, (for it is a valuable agent when properly used) as in the doctor's *theory*, which was, that "all diseases originate in a diminution of animal heat." So, of course, he must drive out the disease, by driving in the *heat*. Although I then knew very little about disease, or good or bad treatment, yet, as the individual was of a full, plethoric habit, with evidently an accelerated circulation of the blood, and with excessive hot weather in July, common sense taught me, and ought to have taught the doctor, that there was not a very great "diminution of animal heat." But facts had nothing to do with his treatment. There stood his foolish theory. To this, the man must be sacrificed! Nor is this a solitary example.

But of all the absurdities which exist among those who profess to have skill in the healing art, of every name and grade, I do think that *Homoæpathy* stands pre-eminently

the chief. And, yet there are those who though they have no faith in that system of practice, yet advocate the doctrine that Homœopathists have after all done much good in modifying the practice of Allopathists, in causing them to give less medicine, and to take less blood, &c., whereas in point of fact, although a modifying influence has evidently been at work for years, yet Homœopathy has had little to do with it, as we shall endeavor to show. But the question is often asked, is not blood letting practised with more caution and less frequency now, even in the old school, than it was thirty years ago; and has not Homœopathy been the modifying cause of this change, and is it therefore not a blessing to the world, although it may be sometimes necessary to take a little blood? As I am often interrogated to this effect, and with the utmost candor, I will endeavor to answer this question in the same spirit. And before I do so more fully, I would say that it has possibly reformed a few, who could see nothing in the system *but blood*. There are always some in the world with whom it is "neck or nothing." With them, it is *all* blood, or *no* blood, and having given up the former extreme, and embracing the latter, they may be considered somewhat reformed, taking into account certain facts, which I am about to notice, and which I consider of sufficient importance to be worthy of a little investigation.

The more I reflect upon the words of the wise man, the more am I struck with the propriety and force of the truth. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." "A time to kill, and a time to heal." These words seem so appropriate on the present

occasion, that I fancy I almost hear the reader say, you had better have taken this at the outset for your text. Be this as it may, a brief explanation may not be amiss.

For every vegetable and every animal, both valuable and worthless, there is a proper time, and a proper place. For every plant there is a suitable soil, a congenial climate, and an appropriate season. The sugar-cane will not thrive in Greenland, nor Iceland moss in Florida. So for every system of practice and belief, both good and bad, both true and false, both wise and foolish, and both safe and hazardous; in religion, in politics, in medicine, and in every thing else, there is also a time and a place. "To every thing there is a season." Certain superstitions and cruelties which flourished in the dark ages, could not be made to grow in the soil of the nineteenth century, and especially in the climate of the United States. But since these things had their day, not only have nations, and kingdoms, and customs been upturned and overturned, but there has been a change also in man's constitution. The change last mentioned, more immediately interests us in this investigation, and although according to my previous intention, I can hardly glance at the causes which have operated to modify the system, yet the subject is too full of importance to be passed over without at least a brief notice of some of them, for it will be seen at once, that whatever has modified the condition of the system, must also modify its demand for certain agents. I may here say, that the change is not a favorable one. The causes are partly, I may say *largely* remediable, and partly not. Our climate is not what it was fifty years ago.

Look back to the time when the waters of our beautiful bay were so congealed that they formed a bridge on which the ponderous cannon were hauled to Staten Island with as much safety as if the hidden fires had upheaved to the surface of the water from the bowels of the earth, a gigantic rock forming a granite turnpike from shore to shore. We perceive that our winters now are entirely different, hardly giving the lads a chance to scour their skates. Now it is one day warm, and one day cold. One day wet, the next day dry—now calm, now tempestuous—now rain, now snow—now frost, now thaw. These sudden changes are constantly acting unfavorably upon the system, reducing it below par. But over these frequent meteorological fluctuations we have no control. We are more interested in the changes produced in the system by our own agency. And they are far more numerous and ruinous, than those consequent upon the morbid influence of our unstable climate. The agents employed by man to shorten his own days, are almost numberless; and often as he supposes, too trifling to be worthy of notice. I have already directly or indirectly noticed many. And without having any reference to criminal agency strictly so considered, I may say with great propriety that we instrumentally destroy each other also. When a man begins to take the wrong course himself, he opens the way for others to follow. And if he does not compel them, he will at least invite them to do so. He may do but little to be sure; but small, and apparently trifling beginnings, sometimes produce great and terrible endings. That little animal called the musk rat, and even a smaller still, may dig a hole through a man's

mill dam, and thus on a very small scale, lay the foundation for undermining it. He has done a little, and but a little, and stops without removing another spoonful of earth. But influence does not stop. He has prepared the way for the mighty waters which lie above him stretched out far and wide, to finish the work of destruction. At first no one suspects the danger, until all of a sudden a perfect torrent is seen rushing through the dam, with tremendous force, and terrible effect. Agents are sent out hither and thither, and great numbers are collected to mend the breach. But the proud waters laugh at all the shovels and spades, and brush and gravel, and plank and stones, which can be brought into requisition, and sweep away, as so many spider's webs every obstruction, and roll on with fearful velocity, and augmented power, carrying away in half the time the next mill below, and still roll recklessly on with increasing strength, and without a momentary warning, with overwhelming force, sweep away to destruction both mills and men. Now a man standing on a safe eminence beholding the scene, and philosophizing upon the cause of this terrible calamity, could hardly believe, if he had had no experience in these matters, that a few pounds of gravel scratched away a few inches from its appropriate place, by the tiny feet of the rat, was the sole cause of the wide spread desolation. Again, I go into the street, and meet a man who tempts me to commit some great crime. After a little inquiry, I find that he is a notorious villain, and learn that his pernicious habits, and the wicked, destructive, and disgraceful influence of his father, grandfather, and great grandfather before him, are to be

attributed to the example of a single wrong step taken by a man on the very day he landed on our shores, one hundred and fifty years ago. But not only does moral influence travel down from generation to generation, through successive ages, so that when and where it stops no tongue can tell; so also physical errors, though apparently trifling are liable to work out more wide spread and disastrous results, than we might ever suspect. I suppose that the single custom of tight-lacing, has either directly or indirectly, dug more graves, blasted more hopes, and cut down more victims, than ever fell in any field of battle, by guns, bayonets, and bullets. If it be important in any respect, that influence should be *salutary* however trifling; that if a man does a small thing, it should be the *right* thing; it is equally so, in all matters, which have the slightest tendency either directly or indirectly to affect our own health, or the health of others. In this respect we cannot be too careful. We often have quite as much to do in promoting health, or producing disease in others, as in ourselves. I beg leave to notice certain practices, which are not attended with very happy results, and for which, parents are largely responsible.

To see a mother leading her darling boy, up and down Broadway in a cold day (just what any body may see) with his legs entirely bare below his knees, except a pair of Tom Thumb stockings which have dared to creep a little above the tops of his shoes, is enough to make the "goose pimples" stand out straight all over a man's body "like the quills of the porcupine when attacked by a Florida blood hound." And for what? Just to let everybody



know of course that he is a real white boy all over from head to foot ! What other reason can she give ? Indeed I know of but one of any weight, which is the one more commonly given, viz : that she may thereby let the world know that nothing can kill her son ! And there are plenty of people who are foolish enough to believe in this "*hardening process*," just because they do not see the boy actually drop down dead in Broadway. One would almost be inclined to suppose that this hardening process must first begin in the mother's *heart*. And I should *know* it to be so to a certainty, if I could also know that there was a perfect knowledge on the mother's part, of all the consequences. But for the same reason given above, she sees no danger. This is nothing but mal-practice and mad-practice, and can hardly be condemned too severely. And I am now going to speak out plainly, to all such mothers, just what I have said too long to myself, and let all hear it who will, and all shut their ears who can—*it is an outrage upon flesh and blood, upon skin and bones*. And, if you will not take warning, remember that every time you take your boy out under such circumstances to show his bare legs, you stand a better chance of taking another stitch in his winding sheet, than of improving his health.

Another error equally fatal, and perhaps still more common, over which mothers possibly have not so much control, yet too much to be faultless ; occurs in the practice of going out in the night air, without being sufficiently protected. Young ladies are most frequently the victims. Miss A—— goes to a party or a ball, spends several hours in active physical exercise, in conjunction with continued



and more than ordinary mental excitement, in a close atmosphere of probably 70°, and in this excited state, she leaves the house, to ride perhaps some miles, and in a temperature possibly down to zero. I need not say a word about her apparel. Everybody knows that it is neither bearskin nor beaver. Possibly she may throw a light cloak around her, and perhaps not—she has on her feet a pair of thin pumps or slippers, more fit for the dead than the living, at such a time as this: and with this apology for shoes, she caps the climax with a pair of gause-shadows-stockings: and reaching home, jumps into bed carrying with her a pair of miniature ice-bergs, which through the remainder of the night dare not come in contact, from fear of losing their individuality. Now what shall we say of such a practice? Will any wise father or mother say that this is prudent? To call it foolish, would be about as appropriate, as to call a man unkind while cutting his neighbors head off! It is often fatal! Let no one say that this presumptuous practice does not prevail. It *does* prevail, and is utterly at war with common sense. I love to think of the time when I was in the habit of sitting evening after evening to see my mother knit those good, long, warm stockings, which she and all other sensible women, were not ashamed to wear. O that some of the good old customs of the days of yore would return. But health and comfort, and life itself, must be sacrificed to fashion. The most common sense people in this world, and in more respects than one, are the *Friends*, after all. But the anti-friends, but not *anti-fashion*, when they get even a *hat* which is in all respects comfortable; it keeps

off the sun, and keeps off the rain, and is every way becoming, and just exactly what it should be; are terrified almost into convulsions, as they walk Broadway, turning their heads this way and that, to see if some person is not coming up to whisper in their ears, "out of fashion!" Off the hatters block six months! How many children who are now, as far as good health and symmetrical developement are concerned, little better than a wooden doll with a pair of sheepskin lungs, and glass eyes, who would become perfect models, if their imperfect mothers, did not stand between their health and nature, with custom in one hand, and ruin in the other. Sometimes I am so painfully convinced of this fact, that I am ready to cry out, oh that parents were aware of the aid they frequently lend to destroy their offspring, while they are still their idols. I might multiply ways in which the painful truth is illustrated; but I will detain the reader with only one more. Thirty years ago Mr. A. from Vermont, Mr. B. from New Hampshire, Mr. C. from Massachusetts, and Mr. D. from Connecticut, came to this city to seek their fortune; or in other words with a determination to get rich. Well, what had they in their favor towards gaining their object! Had they money? No. They were penniless! That, is the very thing they came to get. They came poor. Had they a good knowledge of city customs, and the general manner of doing a city business? No. They came from the green valleys, and the little hills, and the mountain top of New England. Had they influential friends? No. They were strangers and pilgrims in the City. They left their friends behind, to make such acquaintances here as

circumstances would permit. Had they extraordinary gifts? Not unless good constitutions, good practical common sense, honest principles, industrious habits, saving propensities, and prudent wives, were extra gifts. These were all the extra gifts they had, and all they needed. Well did they succeed? Yes. Honorably, and very successfully, did they follow their several callings. They became wealthy. Now a very important question may be asked. Have they by a long experience learned how to pursue a wise course with their children? Having known how to act the part of wisdom for themselves, even at the outset, one would suppose that now, they could hardly fail to discover and point out the safe path for others. And especially that they would doubly guard their children against any erroneous and dangerous step. But strange to say, many are radically deficient. What a pity that a little money should so soon be turned into such opaque scales upon their eyes, so firmly fixed, that more than an occultist's skill will be required to remove them. And as the present generation, and generations to come, are deeply involved in the influence, which these worthy fathers and fellow citizens, are now exerting from their high standing, upon the world, both physically and morally; it may be proper for us to pause for a moment, and examine its character. We have been pleased with their successful pursuit, in which there was no little self-denial. We admired their wisdom in adapting means to ends. And we love and respect them, for their honesty, industry, sobriety, and frugality. But now at this period, when it is infinitely important, that influence should be salutary in the highest

degree, we look for wisdom, and behold folly! Those successful merchants, who first began in a little store, with a few dollars worth of goods in front, but a greater treasure in the rear, namely their good wives, and darling little ones; and who now spread out their wealth around the Parks in glittering palaces, and splendid equipage; what do they do, (I speak not of all) to encourage their sons to pattern after their successful fathers? Does the retired merchant strive to impress upon the mind of his only son, the vast importance of an active, honest, sober, saving life? Is he determined that his son shall become practically acquainted with the value of time and money—of health and happiness—of life and usefulness? Does he say, come John, you must bestir yourself, and launch out, if you ever intend to be any body. You must have something more than a dog and a gun to occupy your attention. You must drive away at something honorable and profitable, and be at it early in the morning, or that industrious young mechanic over the way, who has hardly two and sixpence capital, except a precious good wife, will be far more likely to occupy these premises, after I am dead, than you! Yes, his example, is a good pattern for you to imitate. Depend upon it, his reputation is worth more to him, than all my estate will ever be worth to you. Indeed it cannot be bought with gold, or diamonds. It is above price. No such precious treasure will ever be dug out of the gold hills of California! So rely upon it my son, you must cultivate just such habits of industry, honesty, and punctuality as you see exhibited in his every day life, or he will be an Alderman in this ward, and

Mayor of the City before you. You must also do as your father has done, if you ever expect to accomplish any thing. To be sure I have laid up a little money, but that is nothing here nor there, as to this matter. It has not learned *you* how to make any, nor how to *keep* it, which is a far more important art. Up, up, John! you had better be out kicking over a hive of bees, if nothing else can be done, even if they sting you pretty sharply, than to be here in bed laying violent hands upon your health, by sleeping at this late hour in the morning. Yes, you had better have the house rattled down around your ears, by thunder, lightning, earthquakes and tornadoes.

Does he say—Come, Mary, my daughter, beware of destroying your health by remaining so long in the sickly atmosphere which surrounds your bed in the morning, where the body is poisoned, and by remaining too long at the toilet, where pride and vanity are fostered. Beware of wasting too much of your precious time by sitting too long at the lyre. Take the occupation of the songsters of the forest for an example, for they *work*, as well as sing. Beware how you suffer the perverting, pernicious and seductive influence of excessive excitement to turn your head upside down, and your judgment wrong side out. True, I very much enjoy your singing and playing, and good personal appearance. But after all, when I was a young man, such accomplishments, though good in themselves, had not with me the weight of a feather, when laid in the balance with certain other good qualities which I could name. Neither did I dare to select a companion who could produce no better proof than these, of being a "help-meet," in the

true sense of the phrase. Neither do I think that any wise man will ever select you for his wife, until you learn to make yourself useful. Therefore, do not be afraid or ashamed to let others know that you are an industrious girl—that you are busy in doing good—that you know how to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy—how to make *others* happy, as well as yourself. Hesitate not to let the whole world know that you spend a portion of every day in the year, in toiling hard for some poor needy mortal. Yes, my daughter, live an active, prudent, useful life, if you would live long, and live well. This will give your parents far greater joy, than all your butterfly attainments, and morbid excitement, and artificial living, destructive indulgence, and forgetfulness of your destiny. Beware, beware, my child, how you trifle with your health and happiness, by becoming a slave to idleness. Think not that I have toiled hard and long, to lay up a little money, with which to hurry you to the tomb, that I might give you a splendid funeral before you are twenty-one! Oh that this father was wise enough to use all his eloquence, if need be, in behalf of his children—to stir them to adopt such practices and habits, as would secure their physical and moral health, their temporal and eternal peace. But is he thus wise? Is he thus prudent? What do facts respond? He says well, I have had a good many hard knocks in the world. I have often had wind and tide against me, day after day. My struggling up the hill, has been like the frog jumping out of the well, and for a long time, I doubted whether I should ever reach the top. With me it has been coarse fare and hard work; and now



I am determined that my children shall never have to struggle along as I did. Ah! the mistaken father is now beginning to lay a foundation in the sand. He now takes a fatal step! Strange that you should so soon forget, that in your very perseverance, economy and toil, was not only your safety, but much of your happiness. Therein was your health. Then, a stale *crust* tasted sweeter than a plum-pudding now. Then, a few hours sleep were more refreshing than a week of dreams now. Then, there was more satisfaction in earning fifty dollars than in stowing away thousands now. Then it was more delightful to walk a mile, in the prosecution of business, than to ride hours in a coach and four now. What a pity that a man cannot learn that there is more comfort and safety too, in serving himself, than in being served—that there is often more enjoyment in the acquisition of property, than in the possession. I can say honestly, that I am glad that I had not a *shilling* in my hand when I was born; for although I have often found my hands and pockets too, a little too empty for present purposes, yet I am not quite sure that if it had been otherwise, I should not have lost both hands and pockets long ago. Large sums of money not earned by the possessor, are more frequently a curse than a blessing. Well, what does this unwise father who does not train up his son to habits of industry and frugality, do for him? Pretty early he begins to fill his pockets with money, and his head with vanity. Said a little urchin, (hardly half way to his teens) the other day to his school-fellow—"I am richer than you. My father has got more *real estate* than your father has. He can't begin." Yes,



the leaven of riches has already begun to ferment in this youthful mind, stirring up his vanity to the boiling point, and before he is twenty, he will be older and wiser than his father and mother too. At this age, he knows how to spend money faster than ever his father knew how to earn it; and has become acquainted with plenty of young men, who are ready and willing to lend a helping hand; and as he can go to more parties—visit more bowling saloons—drink more champagne—eat more oyster-suppers—smoke more cigars—“kill more time”—whistle for more dogs, and drive a faster horse, he knows how to reach the summit much more rapidly, with all the improvements of the day, than his good old sire did in the old fashioned way of crawling up the hill by inches! But the great mistake is, he *begins* at the summit, and of course can run down the hill much faster than his father could run up, and so finds the bottom in half the time that his father found the top. A short and sad journey the spoiled child makes. Before he is twenty-five, his health begins to suffer, his strength begins to fail, his eye is sunken, his appetite poor and perverted, his tongue coated, his hand tremulous, his body a wreck, and *delirium tremens* hurries him away, or he comes to some other untimely end. Now let not the fond father and mother think that because their sons and daughters have not gone quite so far and fast to destruction, there is therefore nothing for them to fear. There is often danger when least suspected. This is only one of a thousand ways in which the health and constitution of children are ruined by parental indulgence. Think not, that because your children are not actual and habitual drunkards, and gamblers,

and spendthrifts, and outcasts, that you or they have nothing to fear. The burglar may enter your dwelling at a point where you little suspect it. So disease may very easily enter the system, when and where there are no precautions to prevent it. How often do parents commit a grave mistake, by "killing their children with kindness," falsely so called. Perhaps science may yet discover to you, that the seeds of those very tubercles which by and by will burst out in your children's lungs, like *Ætna's* fires, pouring out floods sufficient to drown all your earthly hopes for them, forever, first floated in the air they breathed, while you kept them shut up in a band-box, lest the shining light of open day might possibly provoke a blush. Here is a wide field for investigation. Indeed volumes might be written, which would, or ought, at least, to interest every reader. But without hardly entering its border, I must retire, as the reader is ready to ask, what has this to do with Homœopathy? I reply, it has much to do with the question which I am now prepared to answer, respecting the change in medical practice which many long years have been working out, and to whose modifying influence some are honestly disposed to attribute Homœopathy. That there is a change, no one of observation will pretend to doubt. That the change is called for, is equally clear. We have seen that there is a change in our climate. That it is not what it was thirty years ago. We perceive also that our habits of living, &c., have changed more still. I have alluded to but a few of the many ways by which the constitution is destroyed. These and other changes combined, have had the modifying influence upon

the system which has reduced it below par. Now, let us put all these facts together, and see what they will make. Before these changes occurred, the system was full of vigor. Man then had a lion's constitution, and if disease took hold of him at all, it must take hold of him lion-like, and when once developed, it would laugh at any *milk-and-water remedies*. Nothing short of a lion-like *treatment* was adequate. Then, inflammations prevailed, and of a high grade, making a free use of the lancet indispensable. Then, other heroic remedies were *successfully* introduced, and *fatally* withheld. *Now*, the system is in a different state. Now the constitution is depressed, and the nervous system almost universally in a state akin to the mind of a maniac, and the treatment demanded is lamb-like. Thus when the system was full of vigor, disease would have laughed at homœopathic remedies, as the falls of Niagara laugh at the efforts of the north-east wind to send the waters back into Lake Erie. That, was not the time or the season, for this exotic shrub to flourish. And, unfortunately for it, the time or season has not yet come for it to grow in its own native soil, for it cannot be made to thrive there, even in a hot house. Now diseases are inclined to assume such a character, that many patients need very little medicine in our own country, hence homœopathy has found a much more congenial climate and appropriate soil in a strange land. And let a further change occur in the constitution, and in diseases, making every active article useless throughout the world, and that will be the time and the season for homœopathy to flourish spontaneously "from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

In olden times, the old-fashioned doctor treated his patients according to *indications*. If his patient was too weak, he strengthened him—if too strong, (for this is as truly possible as the other extreme,) he weakened him. If starving, he fed him—if surfeiting, he starved him. If there was too much action in any organ, he reduced it—if too little, increased it. If there was too much blood in the system, he diminished it, and if too little, he replenished it. He does the very same thing *now*. And with this very unreasonable practice, (as some, to be consistent, *must*, and indeed I may say, *do* admit it to be,) our fathers and mothers lived as many days, did as much good, enjoyed as sound health, and had as many comforts, as is likely to fall to the lots of their sons and their daughters with all the benefits of homœopathy, hydropathy, aeropathy, and every other pathy and pathist which could stand between New York and the gulph of Mexico. Now, reader, be honest, be candid. What kind of pathy, or treatment, would you like different from that which has just been described? Remember that it is not homœopathy in the least. This system of practice, has had very little to do with the various modifications in therapeutics which have been witnessed from age to age. *Nature, facts, and common sense* have been the physician's teachers; and from these sources he has learned more than he ever has, or ever *can* from Hahnemann and all his disciples. At least he has learned more of every thing useful, but certainly not as much nonsense; and hardly from every other source could he learn as much as from, I had almost said, a single sentence of Hahnemann's writings. I will give the reader a specimen, how-

ever, and possibly he may be fortunate enough to find some excellent *sense* in it, but for myself I shall be compelled to add *non*. "Every disease is capable of being certainly cured by the exhibition of the medicine which when given to a healthy person produces a train of symptoms similar to the disease itself." Now, it may not be amiss to examine this homœopathic *text* a little, in three aspects, as it is the foundation stone, the chief corner stone. In one point of view, this declaration is perfectly *untrue*. In another aspect, it is perfect nonsense. And in a modified sense, there is the appearance of some truth in the declaration.

That this doctrine can be literally true, it appears to me that no man in his senses can for a moment believe. "Can satan cast out satan?" "Shall a house divided against itself stand?" Is it true that *every* disease is capable of being *certainly* cured by the exhibition of &c. Then why should any body ever die? Surely not by disease at least. And I would suggest that the inhabitants of this city, very soberly and promptly petition our legislature to enact that after a given day, every homœopathic practitioner, shall be held perfectly responsible for the death, and all the consequences of every patient whom they shall thereafter wickedly suffer to die. Why not? If they have such an infallible mode of treating diseases, how *can* their patients die, except through their neglect. To such an act, it might perhaps be justice to add, Provided that said patients, be neither struck down by lightning, nor shot through the heart by an assassin. And now for the nonsense of this doctrine, that the above mentioned success will follow, if the remedy produces in a well

person, "a train of symptoms similar to the disease itself." According to this rule any agent which will produce unpleasant sensations in any organ, while it is in a physiological state; similar to symptoms produced by disease while it is in a *pathological* state; will certainly cure the patient. No matter of course, what the agent is, so it be that symptoms of the right stamp can be got up. Well, here is a man who has been eating and drinking to excess until he has got his stomach and bowels and liver and kidneys &c. all very much out of tune. But headache is the principal discomfort of the patient, and the symptom of disease which attracts the most attention. Now what is to be done? Shall we regulate the stomach, clear out the loaded intestines, correct the secretions, and strive to get rid of many offending agents, and causes of irritation? O no! This circumnavigating mode of treatment, thanks to Homœopathy, is most happily dispensed with. O the improvements of the age! Who ever thought of living to see such a day as this! But "we are the people." Why, the system works so beautifully, that I almost fear that I shall convert the reader, if not the writer. Dont you see how nicely the lucky homœopathist can "kill two birds with one stone?" We poor allopathists who are so far behind the times, can never do that. No, never! Alas! for us, we must be contented with one bird at a time. So all that the Homœopathist has to do, is to walk up to the patient and give him a rap on the head! This remedy, it will be perceived, is a very appropriate one, and capable of extensive application; for the man *deserves* it for his debauch. And it is of course the very remedy for the disease, for

there is no mistaking the symptoms, as it will give any well man the headache, to give him a thump on the cranium. Thus it is, indicated in a two fold sense. This wonderful genius, this "luminary of science," Hahnemann, tried Peruvian Bark as an experiment on himself, and fancied that it produced symptoms somewhat similar to those which accompany intermittent fever, and so very naturally concluded that this was the proper remedy for ague and fever, as it had been introduced into Europe as early as 1640, and was regarded almost as a specific for the disease, before his grandfather was born. But in this experiment, it was quite possible to be mistaken, as to the symptoms. Not so with the remedy that I have suggested. It will produce the genuine symptoms of headache. But if the Homeopathist is disposed to doubt it, and is fond of experiments, and is willing to have it tried on his own head in an allopathic dose, if it does not give perfect satisfaction, I will frankly confess that I am mistaken in supposing it to be indicated, and that some other remedy may be better adapted. But as the Homeopathist condemns all *external applications*, he may not consider this a fair illustration, and so I will notice another, which he may perhaps consider more to the point. But before doing so, I will just for a moment answer the question, which the reader is ready to ask, respecting an observation just made, touching external applications. Why, do they reject all outward applications as remedies?

Yes, strange as it may seem. Perhaps the reader has never seen a "real live" Homeopathist. This is the very reason why I take the more pains to describe him. By



and by I will notice briefly some of the distinguishing marks of the *counterfeit*. The *genuine* not only condemns bloodletting in every shape, and on all occasions, but blistering and every form of counter-irritation, and all poultices and fomentations, and of course on the same principles, even all forms of bathing &c. O what nonsense, the reader will respond, he must have turned pale with shame, when after setting up this senseless theory, he first felt the refreshing influence of a little cool water upon his face in dog-days !

But I return to consider the remarkable discovery of Hahnemann concerning the marvellous influence of remedies over the disease, when administered *internally*, according to the revealed plan of one of the extraordinary sons of Saxony. Suppose a man is attacked with apoplexy, with a full plethoric habit, and evidently an unusual current of blood to the head. Shall we bleed him, and relieve the distended vessels, and thus prevent, (if it has not occurred,) a rupture within the cranium? No, strange as it may seem, he forbids this. We should hardly expect it, as the influence of free bleeding in health, will far more nearly simulate a fit of apoplexy, than any symptoms which can be produced by the administration of Peruvian Bark, can be made to resemble a fit of fever and ague. And yet according to his theory, I confess it should not be resorted to, at least prematurely ; because there is a remedy, which without any mistake, will produce in a well man, "a train of symptoms similar to those of the disease itself," *in a more marked degree*. And this being the criterion, it ought never to fail in producing a "*certain cure*."

This remedy is *alcohol* or any intoxicating drink. This is a sober truth. Every physician knows that a fit of intoxication, sometimes so closely resembles a fit of apoplexy, that if the drunken man be a stranger, so that nothing is known of his habits, it is difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion without smelling of his *breath*. I might mention many other cases to illustrate the perfect folly of attempting to support such a senseless theory. But further evidence, I presume the reader does not ask.

But I said, there was some appearance of truth in this statement, viewed in a certain aspect. Let us briefly examine this point also. It is common to put snow upon a frost bitten part, which is certainly better practice at the moment, especially if combined with friction; than the application of heat. And this, some will say favours the doctrine of homœopathy. At first view it looks like it, to be sure. But you must examine it, at a distance. However let us approach a little nearer, and see what it looks like then. In the first place the exclusion of *external* remedies, sweeps away the snow, quicker than would a red hot sun, and all the siroccos of the Libyan Deserts! But never mind that, we will let the poor man have a little snow notwithstanding. And then what? Why, it would be novel treatment indeed, to attempt to keep it on the frozen part, to cure it. The fact is, the snow has very little to do in curing it. If the part is badly frozen, it will require something more than snow or ice before it gets well. Although it might possibly tolerate a *homœopathic* dose of snow. It is also common to hold a burned hand to the fire where it is moderately warm, and may be done

with benefit, to some extent, in certain cases. There! says ore, that is Homoœpathy! That is the true science! The sun shines now—the fog is all gone. “Like diseases *are* cured by like remedies.” But *such* diseases are more commonly *caused* than cured by such remedies. I said that such an application might sometimes be made with advantage, but the benefit derived, can be accounted for, on other principles, than those of the doctrine now under consideration. I will present a single case in illustration of the fact, and then I am done with this part of my subject. A gentleman happening to burn both of his feet, sent for a physician, and being somewhat eccentric, he said, doctor, you may take one foot, and I will take the other, and we will see which foot will get well first, and accordingly thrust the right foot into cold water, and the doctor addressed warm applications to the left foot, and each went on, from time to time treating his respective foot; and the result was, they both got well at the same time. Now it is not at all difficult to see, how these remedies, although different in themselves, produced the same effects. They simply stimulated the part to take on a healthy action, so that the secreting vessels *deposited*, and the absorbing vessels *removed*, such materials as were needful to effect a cure, and thus nature did the work.

I will now call the reader’s attention, for a moment, to *Homoœpathic Pharmacy*, for he has hardly begun to see the absurdities which cluster around the system; indeed he could hardly see them all, if he had eyes on both sides of his head. Yet every one can see enough with *one* eye, if he will, to satisfy himself that they abound. The manner

in which homœopathic remedies are directed to be prepared, is as follows:—A grain of a medicinal substance is to be dissolved in a hundred drops of water. This constitutes the “*first dilution*.” One drop of this is to be mixed with one hundred drops of alcohol, which constitutes the second dilution. One drop of this is to be mixed with one hundred drops of alcohol, which constitutes the third dilution, and so on up to the 30th, 60th, &c. ; of course throwing away each time 99 parts, or the world itself would be quite too small a bottle to hold the all-healing remedy. What awful effects may be produced by letting loose, among a world of mortals, such floods of poison no tongue can tell. And, to say nothing about the Cholera and Plague, and other malignant diseases which pour forth their withering breath upon the face of the world, sweeping to the land of oblivion myriads of our race, who can tell but what these accumulating floods will roll on, with ceaseless and augmented power, until they quench the very last spark of animal life ? At any rate, according to the theory of Homœopathic trituration and dilution, the whole material universe (and whether it will stop here, I am sure I know not,) ought to be medicated speedily, if it is not already. And where they will then be able to find a solvent, which is not already saturated, I cannot tell ; for every diluent will become so powerfully medicated, that it will be dangerous to touch it.

That the reader may see the wild extravagance and utter absurdity of this practice, I beg leave to present a statement or calculation made by a gentleman of this city, in the correctness of which may doubtless be placed the most

implicit confidence. " A drop of the third dilution contains a millionth of a grain of the medicine, or the quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would be more than half a barrelful. A drop of the 6th solution contains a billionth of a grain. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would be more than a half a million of barrelfuls, or a quantity sufficient to float 10 ships of the line. A drop of the 9th dilution contains a trillionth of a grain. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would be more than 500,000 millions of barrelfuls, equal to the contents of a lake 40 miles long, 20 miles broad, and 100 feet deep. A drop of the 12th dilution contains a quadrillionth of a grain. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would be equal to more than 500 times the contents of Lake Superior. A drop of the 15th dilution contains a quintillionth of a grain. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would exceed in bulk the whole mass of the earth. A drop of the 18th dilution contains a sextillionth of a grain. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would surpass the volume of the sun. A drop of the 30th dilution would contain a decillionth of a grain; or a fraction represented by 1 for a numerator, and 1 followed by 60 cyphers for a denominator. The quantity of alcohol necessary to dissolve a grain would exceed the volume of a quadrillion of suns, or a billion galaxies, each galaxy being estimated at a billionsuns. That you may the better appreciate the extreme minuteness of a homœopathic dose of the 30th dilution, I request your attention to the following statement, on the accuracy of which you may place the most implicit reliance. If a

grain of a medicinal substance be divided into such doses, the number will be sufficient for every man, woman and child on earth, estimated at a thousand millions, to take a dose every second, for as many million of centuries as there are grains of matter entering into the structure of the earth. And this, be it remembered, is the preparation which Hahnemann recommends for ordinary use. And of this is he to take a tea spoonful, or even a drop, to be repeated at intervals of an hour or two? No. He is to prepare a hundred sugar plums, each of the size of a grain of millet seed, and these hundred sugar plums are to be moistened with a drop of the 30th dilution, and then the patient is to smell one of these medicated sugar plums once in three or four weeks, and this is sufficient to cure radically an obstinate and dangerous disease! This is no exaggerated statement. It is a true account of the manner in which homœopathists profess to cure diseases. And it is by no means an extreme case." Now, although this appears to many minds greater nonsense than ever emanated from the brain of the wildest maniac, yet some may desire to hear a little more from the immortal father of Homœopathy, and as many are prone to swallow every thing which looks fair on the outside, without analyzing it, and have never taken the trouble to ascertain the difference between Homœopathy and a July fog, and indeed the difference is trifling, I will let the reader have another specimen of the brilliant and important productions of this masterly mind. "Besides the Homœopathic medicament acquires at each division or dilution, an extraordinary degree of power by the friction or the shock imparted to it, as a means of developing the in-



herent virtues of medicines unknown before me, and which is so energetic, that of late, experience has obliged me to shake the mixture only twice, whereas formerly I prescribed ten shakes to each dilution." Now if this is not the climax of all absurdity, I confess that I know not what can excel it. Indeed it is so ridiculously absurd, that I almost fear the reader will say, this is not Homœopathy—this is not true! It *is* true. This is Homœopathy, the genuine kind, and though I have endeavored to let it appear in its true light, and though its absurdity may appear almost disgusting, yet let not the reader turn away with incredulity. For if thou art in love with Homœopathy, should'st thou not understand the distinguishing marks of the *genuine*, as well as of the *counterfeit*? Now if the doctrine advanced by Hahnemann himself be true, it must be hazardous to cross the Atlantic; and indeed I would advise all those who believe in the doctrine, and intend doing so, to first go down to Wall street, and get their lives insured. Yes, and I would even advise those who do not believe in the doctrine, and never expect to see the other side of the great deep, to do so by all means. This is soberly an important matter, and I beg leave to pause a moment, leaving the Homœopathic dangers of the Atlantic Ocean to take care of themselves, until I shall here give the reader a reason for giving this subject a candid thought. The writer will probably be pardoned for this digression, as it is intimately connected with the subject of *health*, as well as life, whether the doctrine of Hahnemann be true or false. And as Homœopathists at the present day spice their practice with Allopathy, to keep their patients in counte-



nance, so I shall be excused for attempting to throw out a little wheat with the chaff. I regret that there is not more of the former, and less of the latter, as I fear the separation will cost the reader more than all the grain is worth. But according to Hahnemann's theory, a single kernel of wheat, with a sufficient quantity of chaff, ought to make an excellent loaf of bread as large as Manhattan Island, and sufficiently nutritious to feed abundantly, all the men, women and children within ten miles of it, who shall be permitted to breathe the air which passes over it. But the subject of Life Insurance is full of importance, and demands serious reflection and immediate action. A few are beginning to appreciate its advantages, but the multitude continue to sleep on. All ought to awake at once, and put a hand to the work. No matter how *rich*—no matter how *poor*. This very moment is the last opportunity for thousands. Many who *can* to-day, *would* to-morrow, and can not. Does the man at the head of a family say, I am so poor that I cannot afford to get my life-insured. Then I tell you friend, you are so poor that your wife and children cannot afford to have you die ; and especially if you are going to leave them unprovided for. So set yourself about it, and if you are sound to-day, wait not for the morrow ; for no institution will insure your house in *flames* ! And let not the rich man say, I have no need of such security. He does not know that. But suppose you could know it, what then ? Why do you insure your house and store ? Is it because you are needy ? If they should burn down, could you not raise others, easier than you could raise your body, after death lays it low ? You seem to suppose that

it is more important to your family that you secure your *property* than yourself—that they can better afford to have *you die*, than have your house burn down. But when did you get an assurance that your riches will never “take to themselves wings and fly away”? Suppose that in some unexpected manner, and at an unlooked for time, your property should be all swept away, as by a single blast of a whirlwind, which has often been too painfully true in the experience of others; and suppose that this unexpected shock should so overwhelm the mind and nervous system, as to prostrate you upon a bed of languishing, (no uncommon result,) threatening to make your children penniless as well as fatherless; under such circumstances, you would actually be more liable to die, than if your life had been insured for \$10,000. Under such trying circumstances, if insured, you could say, well, I have at least done *one* wise act, although when doing it, I little thought that I exhibited much wisdom. Now the comfortable reflection, that such a timely provision is calculated to produce, may do much to keep a man from sinking, to rise no more. And not only so, but the same source of comfort in certain cases, may act as a prophylactic agent in health, to prevent disease, and hence we have a new agent to be added to the hygienic calendar. But, as far as the principle of Life Insurance is concerned, we admit that the poor man, and those in moderate circumstances, have greater inducements to secure to their families a portion by insurance, than the rich. But after all, the rich man can insure his buildings easier than the poor man can his. And the same is true of his life. I have said more on this subject than

I intended, as I regard it of too much importance to be so little attended to. And, although I have so awkwardly stumbled upon it, yet before leaving it, I beg leave to notice what I regard as a good suggestion, which I saw some time since in some publication, namely, the insurance of every clergyman's life, by his congregation, for the benefit of his family. Now how easy this could be done, by each one giving a trifle. And what a three-fold happy-making influence would it exert. It would be a satisfaction to the congregation—a comfort to the pastor, and an anchor to his family. Every one knows that clergymen as a class are generally poor. It is not to be otherwise expected. They do not make choice of that profession for the sake of “filthy lucre.” They are generally *poorer paid* than any other profession, and unavoidably subjected to *greater expense*. But this is not all. Any other profession may, in their legitimate business, or in any other way, accumulate thousands a day, if they can, and nobody questions the propriety of it. But let a clergyman try by any honest shift or turn to make enough to get a turkey for his dinner, yea bread for his children, and he will almost be “read out of meeting.” And as it is expected that he will shut himself up in his study, from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then come out on the Sabbath, fully prepared to feed all the hungry, face all the critics, and convince all the gainsayers, what I ask, in the name of humanity, is to become of the widow and the fatherless, when the good man falls? Must they be compelled to leave the place of their attachment, to be driven hither and thither, from pillar to post, from morning till night, to obtain the necessary cle-

ments to keep soul and body together, when a mere trifle would secure to them a happy home, and prepare the way for their usefulness among the congregation? "Tell it not in Gath." But why tarry one for another? Time does not wait—disease does not tarry—death is not dead—earth is not emptied of tears, and sighs, and sufferings! If nothing more effectual can be done, let a meeting be called at once, and give to every liberal soul a chance to give a practical demonstration of his warm sympathy for this class, and see if many are not disappointed at the voluntary contributions which will follow. Try it, ye congregations of Christendom.

But lest the Homœopathist begin to fear that in my unexpected zeal for Life Insurance, I have forgotten him, I must return from this excursion, to notice the danger which those who believe in the marvellous doctrine of Hahnemann might expect in crossing the ocean, and which I was about to point out, as we started for the Insurance Office. Indeed the dangers are so numerous and so wide-spread in their extent, that I hardly know where, or how, to begin to describe them. Every one must see, that if there is the least shadow of truth in the theory of Hahnemann respecting the accumulating power of medicines by dilution and trituration, that the danger to all the living who have anything to do in, or upon the great deep, must be frightfully great; taking it for granted that at some day or other, some villian must have been wicked enough, or some honest person stupid enough, to pour the contents of a phial of *laudanum* into the Ocean.

Common sense teaches us, that, by the tumbling, toss-

ing, and rolling of the mighty waters, this solution must long since have received more than "*two shakes*." And although by the aid of science, we clearly perceive that it has not yet attained the "*30th dilution*" for want of a solvent of sufficient quantity, which probably accounts for the remarkable phenomenon, that the fish are not yet all asleep, but let the people stop throwing any more opium overboard, and let another Noah's flood come down and give it the "*30th dilution*," and Noah's dove would never live to reach the ark with an olive leaf in her mouth! But as the amount of opium in the Ocean is so great that it, (fortunately for the finny tribe,) has not yet received more than the "*6th dilution*," we must look for serious danger when its dilution is augmented from some other source. And accordingly I would suggest that hereafter, whenever a man is found dead in his bed, without any apparent cause, that the post-mortem examination be made, or rather prevented, by the light which may be shed upon the subject by one of these stars of the first magnitude. The Homœopathist will detect the cause of the unhappy event at once; and will say, Madam, your husband was poisoned. Poisoned! How can it be? Did he poison himself, or is it the work of an assassin? No Madam; there is no crime connected with the event, which at least, can be traced out. The mysterious law, that medicinal substances acquire almost infinite power by being received into the system in infinitesimal doses, was discovered many years ago by the immortal Hahnemann. You may recollect that some years since, there was a vessel lost on our coast which had on board a quantity of opium. This of

course was dissolved. And as wave after wave majestically rolled up to the north pole, a portion of this poisonous drug has been carried to commingle with the northern ocean. In this medicated fluid those monsters of the great deep have lived until this narcotic has become incorporated into all the tissues of the body. Hence, the cause of this unhappy event is evidently clear; for I perceive that he has unfortunately consumed in this apartment more than half of a *spermaceti candle*!

Now the question may be asked, whether a grain of silver or gold prepared homœopathically will be found as potent in the doctor's purse, as in the patient's stomach. Probably he cannot object to a grain of either, for a year's services, unless conscience tells him that it is too much.

But as I am decidedly in favor of maintaining a cheerful frame of mind, and regard laughing as one of the very best forms of exercise for health, and one often too little practiced, I beg leave to present a very amusing account given by an author, of a portion of food prescribed by a physician on a certain occasion, which is truly genuine homœopathy to the very letter.

"A lady once fancied that she had stricture of the œsophagus" (partial closure of the pipe leading to the stomach) "which rendered it very difficult for her to swallow her food. The difficulty went on increasing from day to day until she was altogether unable to swallow any solid food, and was obliged to confine herself to broths and other liquid nourishment. In process of time, the stricture became so close that she could swallow nothing but water,



and even that with the greatest difficulty. She of course had become greatly emaciated for want of nourishment, and she almost despaired of her life. Every physician of the neighborhood had been consulted. Some ridiculed her complaint as being entirely imaginary. Others had proposed various plans of treatment which she had faithfully followed, but they were all ineffectual. At last she had an opportunity of consulting a physician of great eminence, and in whom she was led to place implicit confidence." ("Possession is nine points in law.") She told him that she was entirely well in every respect but in the closure of her throat; and if it were possible to find any nutritive substance as thin as water, or thinner than water, so that she could swallow it, she thought she might ultimately recover. If not, she must infallibly die of starvation. The doctor after a moment's deliberation, told her that he thought he could propose a kind of food which would be exactly suited to her case. The directions were as follows: Take a large kettle which will hold at least ten gallons; fill it brim full of water, and hang it over the fire in such a position that the rays of the sun entering at the window may fall upon the surface of the water. Then hang in the window a lean, starved crow, so that the shadow may fall on the water in the kettle. Boil for four hours, and make a soup of the shadow. The lady immediately burst into a loud fit of immoderate laughter, called for a beef steak which she ate with avidity, and was no more troubled with stricture of the œsophagus!" Now to be candid, any unbiased physician, would go before any court or jury in our country, and testify under oath, that



this soup would be just as nutritive to a *starving* man, as any remedy whatever, prepared according to Hahnemann's 30th dilution would be salutary to a *diseased* man. No matter what the remedy, what the disease, nor what the quantity given. One is fully equal to the other. And both under certain circumstances, might produce an alike happy effect. The latter being needed as little internally as the former, providing circumstances present as favorable an opportunity of making the application.

But in striving to present a fair view of homœopathy, as I certainly *have* thus far, according to my honest conviction, and with as much gravity too, as its ludicrous absurdity would permit, possibly I may have adulterated the doctors remedies, and thereby injured his patients (though I hope not seriously) for he knows as well as I do, that his ethereal remedies operate far better on *mind than matter* !

The plea will be made however by those who are wedded to homœopathy as it exists in this country, that its practitioners do not follow Hahnemann strictly. But *there is no homœopathic ground between Hahnemann and Galen*. If they do not practice according to the rules of Hahnemann, then are they using a title which does not belong to them, while they are dosing behind the curtain. But it may be said, that they have improved upon Hahnemann's theory. How have they improved upon it ? Why by giving active remedies when it is really necessary, it is said. No, this has nothing to do with Hahnemann's theory. Were not active remedies used before homœopathy was born, or Hahnemann either ? Yes, but they use these re-

medies in a different way from allopathists. What different way pray tell? Did they not always (if they had common sense) use a remedy until it produced an effect, and then stop? And if your doctor does the same thing, is there anything *new* in it? And if he does not give enough to produce an effect, is there anything *good* in it? What if they do occasionally give a sufficient dose to produce the desired effect, once a week or month, and the rest of the time let the patient occasionally smell of one of Hahnemann's sugar plumbs? Is there anything in this to recommend it to the public because they are right once a week? Suppose a man should advocate the doctrine that the "moon is made of green cheese!" and his followers, (for they would not be wanting) should extol his discoveries and raise a monument to his memory. In the process of time, some of his disciples announce that this cheesy astronomer although a very great man indeed, never to be forgotten; yet was a little mistaken. He carried the matter a little too far, although, he commenced a train of events, the benefits of which, no tongue can tell, for which he will be immortalized, as he has thus shed more light upon science, than this curdy reflector has thrown rays upon the earth. Yet as might have been expected, his theory is susceptible of improvement, as is clearly shown, for we have discovered that it is only half cheese, and the rest chalk! O what a valuable discovery! What a wonderful improvement! there is sound sense in this improvement. It must be right, for the addition of the chalk will make a more durable composition, and reflect the light equally well. And as it is generally believed that *volcanoes* there abound,

which certainly would be impossible if it was all *chalk*, cheese must of course be the combustible, and which is clear from the fact that these lunar fires have fried out the fat, causing it to flow over the face of the beautiful orb, as every one can see for himself in a clear night, by looking at the grease spots. Now what shall we do with these astronomers; shall we erect a new college in which they can teach this new science, or shall we give them a professorship in the old school? They must have something done for them, in return for the benefits which they have conferred upon the world, for who will doubt after this, that there is carbonate of lime (chalk) in the moon.

The true medical philosopher, takes his stand at the equator. While the eccentrics of course take their stand at the poles. The homœopathist there takes *his* stand, with his 30th dilution, and gives it "two shakes," and tells the Greenlanders that more would not be safe, as it acquires inconceivable strength at every shake, and especially if it be shaken officinally; that is according to Hahnemann's directions "from above downwards." By and by he finds it necessary to give three "shakes," even four, increasing the number to ten. Beyond that he would not like to go, lest alarming consequences might follow. But as even "ten shakes" do not seem to have the desired effect, and as he has suffered the patient to run the risk of smelling the sugar plums once a day, and has also had a small phial containing the 60th dilution standing in the patients room with the cork out, five minutes at a time, every other hour, and still he is not successful: he therefore says to himself, well, I begin to believe after all that

I must be a little too far from the Equator. I am afraid that this treatment is not exactly the thing for this climate; and although it is truly the most sensible practice in the world, as many are ready to testify: yet I think I had better go where it is a little warmer, and so he takes a step, *a good long step, even from the 30th dilution, down to a table spoonful of castor oil!* Pleased with the result, he says nothing, but resolves to venture a little nearer to the equator, and accordingly takes another step from the last named remedy internally, down to a blister *externally!* Well doctor, you have done nobly! Your patients are well satisfied with this. Now they have a healer, who "practices both ways." Now they have got all there is of the healing art. What a wonderful improvement in this combination. Yes, doctor you will soon be suffocated with honors, and worn thread-bare with practice?

Patients are often deceived as to the real merits of homœopathy by supposing that they are benefitted by their remedies, when all the improvement may be attributed to remedies taken before being treated by this class of practitioners. Again they are deceived by supposing that they are treated homœopathically, when they are treated *allopathically*. The fact is, many are on their way towards the equator. Again they are deceived, when treated strictly homœopathically, and receive any benefit, by not being aware that their own *faith* is the curative agent. Again they are often sadly disappointed, by supposing that they are going to be benefitted, and only grow *worse*. This, however, may happen in any system of practice. But facts are what we want, so let us cast our eyes for a

moment, to the old country, as homœopathy is an exotic plant, and perhaps bears better fruit in its native soil. I will now take the liberty of quoting a few passages from "HOMŒOPATHY IMPARTIALLY APPRECIATED."

"In order, therefore, to show the value of the pretensions of homœopathy, the experiment was made in Germany, France and Italy, of treating a certain number of patients in public institutions by Homœopathic means: the results are such as might have been anticipated. A German homœopathist practicing in Russia, was invested by the Grand Duke Michael with full powers to prove, if possible, by a comparison of facts, the advantages of homœopathic measures over the ordinary modes of treatment; and a certain number of patients in the wards of a military hospital were entrusted to his care. At the expiration of two months, however, he was not permitted to proceed further," (and I think every one will admit that two months is a reasonable time for a fair trial) "for on comparing results, it was seen that within this period, out of four hundred and fifty seven patients treated in the ordinary way, three hundred and sixty four, or three fourths were cured, and none died; whereas, by the homœopathic method tried on one hundred and twenty eight patients, one half only were cured, and five had died. In order to ascertain and give publicity to the results, the Russian government caused a certain number of patients to be treated homœopathically in one hospital, while in another an equal number of patients were merely subjected to regulated diet and appropriate regimen, without the exhibition of any medicine. The results were very similar in

both instances, and the medical council appointed to superintend the experiments thus gives its official opinion :”

“The medical council, after having attentively weighed the results of the experiments made according to the principles of the *medicine expectante*, finds that they greatly resemble the latter, and are probably based only on the *viz medicatrix naturæ*; for the infinitely minute doses can produce no effect on the human body. The medical council is therefore of opinion that the homœopathic practice should be prohibited in sanatory establishments dependent on government for the following reasons :

“1. Acute diseases require energetic means of treatment, which are not to be expected from Homœopathy.

“2. The homœopathic treatment of external lesions and surgical diseases is altogether out of the question.

“3. Some slight affections get well while under homœopathic treatment, but similar affections disappear equally well without any medical treatment, by the adoption of an appropriate regimen, good air, and cleanliness.

The same author speaks of experiments tried by Professor Andral, at the hospital La Pitié, on one hundred and thirty individuals which were of two kinds. The first to ascertain whether symptoms can be produced in healthy persons by medicines which cure similar symptoms when arising from disease. The experiments were thoroughly tried without the least evidence to corroborate the assertions of Hahnemann. Experiments were next tried upon diseased persons with no better results than those which crowned the efforts of the German Homœopathist in Russia, already noticed.



“The Homœopathists in Paris,” says the same writer, (Edwin Lee, Esq., author of *Hydropathy and Homœopathy impartially appreciated*,) “having petitioned the Minister of the Interior to permit the establishment of dispensaries for the treatment of patients by the Homœopathic method, the Minister requested the opinion of the Académie de Médecine on the subject. The reply of that body is made in the following terms:—

“*Monsieur le Ministre,*

Homœopathy, which presents itself to you at the present time as a novelty, is not a new thing. For more than twenty-five years this doctrine has wandered here and there; first in Germany, then in Prussia, afterward in Italy, and now in France, seeking every-where, though in vain, to introduce itself as a branch of Medicine.

“The time of the Académie has been repeatedly taken up with the subject, and moreover, there are but few of its members who have not sought to ascertain its basis, and its effects.

“With us, as elsewhere, Homœopathy has been subjected, in the first place, to logical examination, which has exhibited in it, a formal opposition to the best established truths, a great number of striking contradictions, and many of those palpable absurdities which inevitably ruin all false systems in the opinions of enlightened persons, but which are not always a sufficient obstacle to the credulity of the multitude.

“With us, as elsewhere, Homœopathy has also been subjected to the trial of facts, and put to the test of expe-



rience. Observation, faithfully interrogated, has furnished the most categorical answers: for if it be admitted that some examples of recovery have occurred while under the Homœopathic treatment, it has been ascertained that the success is justly attributable to the bias of a weak imagination on the one hand, and to the remedial powers of the constitution on the other. Observation has also shown the great danger of Homœopathy in frequent and serious cases of diseases, where the physician may do as much harm and cause no less injury, by inactive measures, as by those which are directly prejudicial.

“Reason and experience are consequently united to repel a similar doctrine, and counsel that it should be left to itself and its own resources.”

“Having heard of the existence of a Homœopathic hospital at Leipsic, the head quarters of the doctrine, I had the curiosity to visit it when in that city some years ago,” and “from what I had previously heard, I expected to see at least from thirty to forty beds occupied by patients, and was surprised to find that the house only contained eight.” “The house-physician to this institution having become convinced, after a residence of several months, of the nullity and danger of Homœopathy, gave up the appointment, and published an exposition of the system pursued, with an account of the cases, which clearly show what had long been evident to the bulk of the profession and the public, viz. that the so-called cures were recoveries from ordinary ailments by the efforts of nature.”

Now a homœopathist is very much like a sportsman who

starts out on the track of a fox, and let it lead him where it will, he is determined to follow it. So the homœopathist starts out under the auspices of father Hahnemann's theory, and if it leads him to the North pole, he is determined to follow it, let facts, reason, nature, indications, common sense, and I had almost said *conscience*, say what they will. *Nature* sometimes meets him in the sick room, and clearly points out the course which he ought to follow, and which he *would* follow, if Hahnemann's fetters were not upon him. For example, she says, doctor, you had better *bleed* that man. Bleed him!—I shall do no such thing. What's the reason? "O, I *never* bleed my patients." But that is no reason why you never *should*. "Well, I don't believe that he has any too much blood now," and *that* is reason enough! Not at all. Better reason than that ought to be given, and *can* be given, if you are prudent in withholding the lancet. It may be that he has not as much blood now, as he had a year ago, and he might now have far more than he had then, without the slightest indication for depletion; moreover, he might also have far less than he has at this moment, and yet die for want of blood-letting. Don't you see that it does not depend so much upon the quantity as the distribution? There is neither too much wind nor water in the world. But when unequally distributed, there is frequently too much in certain localities, for the safety of "life or limb." And don't you see that a dangerous torrent is setting towards this man's brain? Look at his face, head and eyes! Yes, but I shall not bleed him, for "I don't believe that a man was *made* with too much blood." That is the theory which I

long ago adopted, besides, it is the theory of the immortal Hahnemann. True. He was not made with *enough*, and what will you do with the deficiency? What better right have you to add, than to diminish! Man has to put the vital fluid into his own veins, and as he is not infallible, what will you do if he adds too much? For, he may have too much or too little, in the aggregate; or he may have too much in one organ, and too little in another. Ah, yes, too much in one part, and too little in another. That is just what *I* believe. That is precisely what I meant when I said that I did not believe that man was made with too much blood. I admit that there is some congestion about the head, and we must therefore equalize the circulation. Yes, that is the great desideratum in all these and similar cases; but how will it be safely done? You see that the case is extremely urgent. Yes, I perceive that it is. Well then, bleed him at once, and "let the oppressed go free." Bleed him! Never—I must treat him *homœopathically*. Whatever you do, it must be done quickly, for the man is going to die soon, if he is not relieved. I fear he will! Then make haste; and as "diseases are cured by remedies which will produce in a well man, symptoms similar to these," thrust his head into warm water, and put ice to his feet, as soon as possible! Hush! hush! that will not do in this country, although I am aware that these remedies will produce congestion in a *sound* head, yet I think Hahnemann intended that in *this* case, we should use such means as will produce congestion in his *feet*, and therefore we had better reverse the order, and put ice to his head and hot applications to his feet. Most unquestionably this is

common sense treatment, but it is the *old* practice. And besides all that, these are outward applications.. Well, never mind that. I will give him a drop of the 30th dilution, and one whole globule, and then it will all pass for Homœopathy, for the people don't mind being humbugged, if they can only swallow novelties; hence every new thing slips down, as though it was good sleighing all the way down their throat. But doctor, these remedies, however good, are not sufficient. The case is a very urgent one, and the call for immediate blood-letting a loud one, for the man will be comatose in ten minutes if he is not bled. You know that I stood by and heard all these foolish arguments the other day, when that poor fellow was sacrificed to your false theory. I told you then, that if you would take a little blood from his head, that I could then very easily equalize the circulation, and if you had done so, all would have gone on harmoniously and safely. But you refused, and your altogether inadequate means to equalize the circulation failed, as I forwarned you that such would be the result. It was my duty as you know, after beseeching *you* in vain to do it, to relieve those distended, oppressed, and overburdened vessels.\* And, as I do not work with cutting instruments, I was under the necessity of looking for the weakest point in said vessels, which happened to be within the cranium, and consequently a portion of the contents of these vessels was poured out within the head, which you had much better have poured out into a pint bowl, and this pressure paralyzed the brain, and killed the man at once. This was the best that I could then do. But fortunately for this man, I can do better now. In this

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\*Let the reader remember that this is nature's office.

case I can cure him, in spite of you, if you do not actually kill him with your concentrated poisons. And as *you* will not relieve him by proper treatment, I will bleed him *myself*, and the next time we meet, we will look after the result. A few years pass, and nature and the homœopathist again happen to meet. She says, doctor, do you see that man? How full of vigor—how perfect his health? He does not look much as he did at our former meeting; and he is far from being in that critical condition in which we then found him. You recollect that I then urged you to bleed him without delay. But my advice did not harmonize with your theory, and so you would not. And as I was not willing to have the man sacrificed to your blind obstinacy, and senseless system of practice, I opened a small vessel in his nose, and without asking you how much I should take, gave him a profuse bleeding before you could possibly arrest it. The consequence was a rapid recovery, and better health than had been enjoyed for many years before the hemorrhage. And now, doctor, after giving you so many plain and practical hints, scattering in your path both dead and living witnesses, who testify to the perfect absurdity of your theory, if you are too stupid, or too stubborn to learn, I shall be compelled to confess that I never before, nor since, made such an utter failure in my efforts, as I did about the time that your ears were developed. They are altogether too short!

But it may be said that some of the homœopathists do sometimes bleed. Well if they do, that is *allopathy*. So we will "stick a pin there." Yes, says another, and they give potential doses of medicine when it is necessary.

This is also allopathy, and we will "stick a pin here." And says the third, they also use remedies *externally*, such as blisters, poultices, anodynes, &c. Well then are they paddling back towards the equator pretty fast. But remember, there is no real homœopathy in this *active* treatment, not as much in all of it, as would exist in the vapor rising from a single drop of the 30th dilution in a temperature 50° below zero.

I have said more on this subject, than I should have done, if I had not been aware that there are those who honestly desire to know whether there is anything in it, which justly merits our confidence in it, as a system of practice. I believe that this class, has a perfect right to become acquainted with the downright absurdity and nonsense of the theory and its foundation.

One would suppose that there would hardly be room enough in this little world, for all the extremes, and one ideaites of the present day. Some go by *water*, some by *wind*, and some by *steam*. I will notice only one more branch of this numerous family, and that very briefly, viz. those who believe that, in making man, *nature* was too lavish of her materials, and unfortunately for the patient, but *fortunately* for the doctor, added too many organs. And this class of doctors (not very numerous) are constantly and gravely absorbed in contemplating the best way of cutting off *tonsils and palates*. This of course must be done because they are a very serious evil, and a great hindrance in treating *any* disease. Consequently when a man has an attack of Gout in his toe, they must

of course first go into his mouth with knives, forks, and scissors \* and remove these superfluous appendages, and after swabbing out the throat, walk out, and give the patient a chance to breathe again if he can. And if he does not find himself minus in this particular, he may thank any body but the doctor. Of course it will be considered, that if instead of taking leave at once, the gout will stand by and see the man thus treated, nothing short of this severity would subdue such a stubborn disease. The doctor possibly thinks that this is the best treatment which he could adopt. And it may *be* for the man who had rather be shaved by a doctor, than a *barber*—who would rather give this one-idea doctor two hundred dollars to brush out his throat, than an honest *sweep* two shillings to brush out his chimney. The operation alluded to, is of course sometimes needful; but this indiscriminate slashing, I do unreservedly and unhesitatingly condemn. And so do the most of my brethren repudiate it as much as the writer.

To recapitulate briefly, let me say, the preservation of health can only be secured for any considerable time, by carefully avoiding every hurtful agent; by the use of a plain, nutritious and digestible diet, at proper intervals, and in proper quantity—active exercise daily, and of the character already described—regular and sufficient rest—cleanly habits—natural evacuations—sufficient clothing—a cheerful and contented mind—and last, but not least, pure *air*. Let this agent be wanting, and all the others abound to perfection, and none can tell the amount of disease and suffering which may follow. Above all should

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\* This is literally true, for all are frequently used.



our sleeping apartments be filled with as pure air, as it is possible to obtain. Some people are in the habit of shutting up their lodging rooms at night, as they did in old times to keep out the *witches*, lest they should enter through the cracks or down the chimney. But they much more frequently enter from *want of cracks* ! The size of the room however modifies the necessity for a free opening. It is surprising to me how some people live out half their days whose dwellings both by night and by day are in this respect, so radically deficient. The great cry against basements on the score of dampness, is half of it *moonshine*. They are often too damp it is true, but I very much question their being damp *enough* in winter. The great evil is, want of *ventilation*. The average hygrometric state of the air in the basements of such dwellings as are removed from all waters ; at least from September to April, would hurt no man in a log cabin on the Catskill mountains. I think we had better battle *stagnation*, and let moisture alone. And let us not be afraid of going too high to sleep. The man who lives in an attic, will have more strength, other things being equal, to go up four pair of stairs, than the man will to go up *one* pair, who lives in a basement. Yes more strength, and less *disease*. Beware of an *ill-ventilated dwelling*, and shun it as you would a den of vipers ; for the deadly fumes of such an abode, which flap their silent wings about your nostrils, are far more to be feared than all the ancient plagues of Egypt and “ fiery flying serpents ” of the wilderness. And let not the man who constructs an abode for himself and his family think for a moment that eight by ten rooms are sufficiently large for

sleeping apartments, which are in fact too small for a kennel, if he would have healthy hounds. Let a sick man be confined to such a room, with almost any formidable disease, and he will stand a good chance to soon occupy a smaller still. And this is not all. Those who administer to his relief, will be very likely to follow. Let the man who contemplates shutting himself up, at least one-third of his life time, (which is no inconsiderable part of a man's days; for twenty years to remain in prison out of sixty, is no trifle,) before he sets his architect to work, remember, that every square foot which he adds to his bed-room, increases the distance so many feet, yea doubles the distance, between him and his grave! And be not afraid of a little cold fresh air in such a room. A man had better sleep with his head out of one window, and his heels out of another, than in a poisoned atmosphere. The reader will not, of course, understand that I really intend to drive the man to extremes. Not at all, but wish to guard him from such an evil. I do not of course recommend any body to sleep, or even sit, in a strong draught or current of air, and especially in a relaxed condition of the body, but I wish to press this thought upon the mind, that dangerous and full of hazard as it might be, it might still be preferable to being *poisoned*. And although a good supply of bed-clothing is important, yet a great error is often committed in sleeping under too many. People are every day complaining of taking cold, when they might with equal propriety, at least half the time, say I have taken *heat*. If instead of saying "all diseases originate in a *diminution* of animal heat," the Thompsonian should say all diseases originate

in an *excess*, he would be about as near the truth, and probably as safe a practitioner, and his remedies quite as agreeable ; for in freezing to death, a man can go to *sleep*, but in *burning*, he cannot. That the majority keep their dwellings too warm in winter during the day, to say nothing about the night when every safety valve is shut, and all the body (except perhaps the head and face) is perfectly packed in linen, cotton, flannel and feathers, I think can hardly be doubted ; and especially where stoves are brought into requisition. The temperature should not be higher than 66 (Fah.) and if uniformly accustomed to a temperature of 60, we should never think of wanting a fire to sit by. At any rate, *fresh air, pure air, and plenty of it*, should be our motto.

I am confident that we generally think too little of ventilation, and the importance of breathing a pure atmosphere. The reason why an open fire-place is more healthful than a stove, depends very little upon the quality of the heat, but upon *ventilation* ; there being always a free current from the lowest part of the room, giving no chance for foul air to accumulate. And from the state of perfection to which stoves have been brought, it would seem that little improvement can be expected, except in this particular. I would therefore suggest that stoves for parlors, sitting rooms, nurseries, &c., be so constructed that the supply of air shall enter the stove at as low a level as the floor, and that instead of throwing open the door after the coal is well ignited, as is customary to prevent too rapid combustion, I would suggest that to accomplish this, the air be taken from the level before mentioned, and be made to

fall upon the top of the ignited coal or wood, as may be required. I think this improvement would strike every scientific mind very favorably. It will be seen at once, that instead of taking the air two feet above the floor, as is often done when the stove door is open, removing that which is heated, and leaving the air more or less cold and stagnant below, it will draw it off at the lowest point, and also remove the coldest air in the room, a very important desideratum. This arrangement would also prevent the escape of gas, and would doubtless be a saving of fuel. If this subject was properly investigated, I think it would be found that there are less reasons for objections to stoves than is generally supposed. Perhaps none of importance can be found after making ventilation perfect. The two principal objections urged against stoves, are, that they scorch the air, and also make it too *dry*. Both of these objections are perfectly destitute of sound reason. The air by becoming hot, is not decomposed, nor changed in its essential elements. But particles of matter floating in the air which come in contact with the hot iron, are burned to some extent, which may slightly modify the air, making it a little unpleasant to sensitive nerves.

The other objection has no better foundation. Can a stove destroy the moisture in the air in the room? *Not a particle of it.* For indeed there is just as much moisture in the air inside the stove, while it is red hot, as there is outside. Can matter be destroyed? If every room in our houses was a perfect *volcano*, and the air was altogether supplied from the common atmosphere without, it would contain just as much water, as if every wall and partition

was a perfect *iceberg*; provided that the air without, was the same in both cases, and that no evaporation occurred from the ice. This I suppose may be considered a great mistake by those who have not been accustomed to think much on this subject. But stop a moment. I will endeavor to satisfy the reader, that I am not only right, but that closely connected with this subject is one of much importance to all who value health. The *drying* power of the air, whether within our dwellings or without, *always depends upon the amount of moisture it contains, its temperature and its circulation*. Its hygrometric state may be ascertained, by a simple process. A glass of water, a common Thermometer, and a little ice, will answer every purpose when the temperature is not too low. Now suppose I go out door, and find the temperature 40 (Fah.) I then try my glass of water, and find it the same temperature. I then examine the glass closely to see if any moisture has collected on the outside, and finding none; I know that the air is not saturated. Or in other words that it has at least *some* drying power. I then gradually add the ice, and find that when I have cooled the water down to 35, the dew begins to be deposited on the tumbler, and this is called the *dewpoint*. Now it will be perceived that as the temperature of the atmosphere is 40, and the dew-point 35, the drying power of the air is 5, which is but a little, for if the temperature fall suddenly only 5° the drying power would cease. And under such circumstances a wet blanket might hang out all day, and be as wet at night as when first put out to dry. True it would dry in the greatest degree of cold possible, if the air happen to be propor-

tionably dry. Now suppose the temperature in our dwellings to be 65, instead of 40, as it is without ; the same air which has the drying power of 5, without, has the drying power of 30 within. Here is a very great change, and one that may, and often does, seriously affect the health of many. To what is the difference to be attributed ? Not to a change of *moisture* in the air, but to a change of *temperature*. After the air comes into the heated apartment, it contains all the vapor that it did without, every particle, and the glass of ice water will show the dewpoint to be just where it was without. The *temperature only*, will modify the dryness of the air while it remains the same without, there being not the slightest difference, whether the room be heated with a stove, furnace, fireplace, hot water or steam circulating pipes, or the sun. But as a free circulation of the air increases its drying power, the atmosphere will actually have more drying power in a room with a large open fire place, than in a confined stove room. So that as far as moisture is concerned, if there is any difference, it is in favor of, and not against a stove. But one reason why the air in a stove room often appears drier than in one heated by an open grate, is, because the *heat* is generally greater. Then of course the drying power is greater, for let it be remembered, that the *capacity of the air for moisture, is in proportion to its temperature, independently of the source of caloric*. So that the air inside the stove or in any fire, is able to hold far more water, than that which we breathe. And yet people are apt to suppose that there is not a particle of water there. Now this is a subject which should not be lightly passed over.



Our health and happiness are involved in it. If the atmosphere was as damp in winter, as in summer, there would be no complaint about stoves or fires; in this respect. But it is far otherwise, although the reverse of this, is generally supposed to be the fact, by those who have never investigated the subject. When cool weather begins in the fall, we can hardly avoid the conclusion, that the air is more damp than it was in the summer, whereas it begins to be more dry, and the lack of moisture increases as the atmosphere grows colder.\* The reason is obvious. Cold air, has not as much affinity for water, or will not hold as much suspended, as it will when it is warm. Hence the hygrometric difference between summer and winter is very great. And well for us, that this salutary law prevails; for if it did not, we should all be compelled to become practical Hydropaths, and *sleep in wet sheets all winter!* But the difference may be, and is, in this climate, too great for our comfort. Especially in our warm houses. We see and feel the effects. We see it in the shrinking, warping and cracking of our furniture, which cannot be attributed solely to heat, as it is far more intense in the summer. A lack of moisture in the air before it enters our dwellings is the additional cause. We also see its shrivelling, withering influence on our green house plants, which can never be made to thrive, although they may have plenty of heat and sun, unless extra pains be taken to counteract the drying power of the air.

We have another demonstration in our own sensations, many of which can hardly be described. The skin is apt

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\* I speak now of the actual amount, and not of the effects of moisture.



to become dry, husky, perhaps scaly, and not unfrequently the seat of some troublesome eruption. The countenance has often a shrunken look. Headache is very common; and an irritable condition of the mucous membrane of the air passages, producing, or aggravating a dry hacking cough. The bowels are often torpid, and the nervous system very much deranged. It is well known that the English people are proverbial for their well formed bodies, and their ruddy faces; and I have no doubt that the favorable Hygrometric character of their atmosphere in winter, has a very important influence in producing this desirable result. The average or mean dewpoint in England during the months from November to April inclusive, "as shown by the results of the observations of the Meteorological Society of London," is about  $35^{\circ}$  whereas in New York during the same months, it is found to be  $16^{\circ}$ . A very great difference.  $66$ , which should be about the average temperature of our dwellings in winter, would make the drying power of the air in England  $31^{\circ}$ . A pretty high degree. But in New York it is  $50^{\circ}$ ! Now to remedy this great evil, it is perfectly evident, that vapor must be introduced. It is customary to set some metallic vessel containing water, on the top of a stove, to accomplish this object, on account of the fancied destruction of the moisture of the air by the heat of the stove. Whereas no such provision is made for the fire-place. I have already shown that the former needs it as much as the latter, provided the temperature be the same. I would also remark that the provision thus made, usually amounts to almost nothing. It is not a "drop to the bucket." and the better provision

which has recently been attached to furnaces, is still insufficient. The amount of extra vapor required, will of course be modified by the state of the atmosphere without, as it contains much more moisture some days than others, by the size of the apartment, its temperature and ventilation. In an ordinary room, and in a cold day, when the air is dry without, at least if the room be well ventilated, *four gallons of water evaporated in the course of a day will be little enough for health.*

In a matter of so much importance to health and comfort, I should be happy to give some practical hint. Few are aware of the great benefit and comfort which would result from a change in this respect; making the air in our dwellings in cold weather, at least twice as moist as it naturally is. And in many parts of the Northern States, artificial moisture is still more demanded. Perhaps the reader has noticed the soothing and refreshing influence of the atmosphere in a *Green House*. Some are disposed to attribute the pleasant sensation to the influence of oxygen which is there given off by the plants. But I apprehend that this is not the true explanation. It will be remembered that this process continues only during the day. Whereas during the night while *Carbon* is the product, this delightful feeling may still be experienced. In these houses special care is taken to make the air moist by artificial means; and this is doubtless the secret. If this is so important, the question will naturally arise, how can it be best accomplished. Perhaps there is no more efficient or simple method of doing this, where the dwelling is warmed by a furnace, than by means of the apparatus for the purpose which is

often connected with the furnace, and to which I have already alluded. But I have said that even this is altogether deficient. But it need not be so. It is perfectly easy to have it so constructed that vapor enough may be thrown into every apartment, to make it as delightful, as a garden in June. And let an invalid with a dry hacking cough, be introduced to such a soothing atmosphere, and see how stoutly he will remonstrate against the drying power of the air in a natural state. By this process there is no loss of heat; for the amount which passes from the furnace to the water in the boiler, is as readily carried by the steam into the different apartments, as it would be in dry air. There is but one objection of any weight, to having vapor thus thoroughly diffused through our entire dwellings, shops, stores, schools &c. And that is, its tendency to condense upon windows, which without any precaution to prevent it, might sometimes accumulate sufficiently to injure carpets furniture, goods &c. But this may be obviated by having double windows, which are already more or less in use, to keep out the cold. Where a furnace is not used, a boiler can be attached to a stove or open fire place, with a tube to conduct the steam to some part of the room not conspicuous, where it may be diffused without being discovered. And if a little should chance to show itself, it would only remind the visiter, *that steam is now indispensable to existence!*

I will also refer the reader to another mode of producing moisture in the air, when required on short notice. Hang up in the invalid's room, a wet sheet, which will probably do the patient as much good, as to pack him in it. This may be done often with great advantage. I

know that many will exclaim against it, on the ground of taking cold. But such fears have as little foundation, in a warm apartment, as shadows have substance. Why does not every man take cold in a ship? Is he not almost surrounded by water, day and night? A plan for producing permanent moisture in the atmosphere of our dwellings, this moment occurs to me, and which of course I have not had an opportunity yet to try, I will give the reader. It is on the principle of the wet sheet. Let some kind of cloth, or similar substance be provided, which shall present a surface for evaporation, sufficiently large to produce the amount of vapor required, and let it be suspended upon a rod or wire connected with a valve or stop-cock attached to a Croton pipe, or some fountain, so arranged that the water can flow upon the evaporating apparatus from time to time, which shall by its own weight, close the valve, whenever a given quantity of water shall have flown upon it; and whenever it shall have lost a certain amount of weight by evaporation, the water itself, or a spring attached to the valve, shall overcome the resistance, and permit water again to flow; thus alternating from day to day, according to the drying power of the air, and which would be a self-regulator. I ought here to remark, that those who are afflicted with any pulmonary disease, attended with copious expectoration, will generally find a *dry* atmosphere better adapted to their condition.

The question is frequently asked, what is disease? And it will puzzle the sagest medical philosopher to answer it, respecting the simplest form known. Take for example, a case of simple local inflammation. He can very easily

tell what it *does*, but can he tell what it *is*? He may say there is generally pain, tenderness, heat, redness, swelling, and frequently sloughing, &c., but these are only the effects. We are just as much in the dark, as to its essence, as before. A man being requested to give a clear and intelligible explanation of the essential nature of electricity, might as well say that a certain tall oak, in some town in New England, on a certain day, was struck by lightning and shivered to atoms in an instant, and conclude further information to be unnecessary. We may know much about certain *causes* and *effects* of disease, and also the *remedies* to which it yields, &c.; but still we may be ignorant of its nature. "Perhaps that it will ultimately appear that the essence and phenomena of all disease," says an interesting and talented writer, "consist in a strife between the laws of organic and inorganic being; the former endeavoring to preserve inviolate, organisms and affinity in which they are temporarily and for special ends, located by the Creator; the latter for ends equally definite and wise, though to us obscure, seeking to recover organic atoms and affinities to their inanimate empire. To the antagonism of these two grand and all-dividing principles, it will, I apprehend, be found that the essence and phenomena of all disease, in its germ, developement, and inconsistent course; and even the predisposition to all disease, are entirely to be attributed." Be this as it may, of one thing we are absolutely certain. The laws of inorganic being must ultimately prevail. Still, however, it is our *privilege*, and no less our *duty*, to use all proper means to keep the vital spark alive.

“The most of men,” says an author, “by accident or constitution, have one organ more prone to disease than any other organ. It may be the stomach, the lungs, the brain, the heart. In that organ, whichever of these it may be, any exciting or debilitating exposure is apt, *first*, to generate derangement. That derangement then, acts on all the other organs in exactly the same way as the primary foreign cause acted on the organ first deranged. In consequence, the organ *next* prone to disease, next becomes affected.” In this manner it is, and by the various channels of circulation, respiration, sensibility, &c., that the derangement of the digestive organs secondarily implicates the brain, heart, spine, lungs, &c.

There is probably no other disease with which the human family are afflicted to so great an extent at the present day, as with *Dyspepsia*. There are others more fatal; but few which make the sufferer more perfectly wretched. The sufferings of the *body* are sometimes sufficient to make one almost sick of life. While the unhappy and wretched state of the *mind*, is often still worse. There is comparatively less of it in the country, than in the city, but still it abounds even there. It is also more confined to some classes than others. But few entirely escape its ravages. It most abounds among those of *sedentary* habits—those who are imprudent in *eating and drinking*—those who are deficient in *exercise*—such as are irregular in their habits—those who spend most of their time in a *bad atmosphere*—and those whose occupation subjects the body to an unfavourable *position*, and no *fixed* position is favourable.



There are circumstances which confer on the digestive organs an importance entirely peculiar, and "the man in short," says a distinguished practitioner, "who best understands the management of the organs of digestion, both as *recipient*, and as *secretory* and *excretory* surfaces and parts, approximates the nearest to the *perfect physician*, and may be presumed to be the best qualified to take the sagest views of diseases in general, wherever their seat, whatever their nature; and to institute the most scientific, comprehensive, and penetrating modes of treatment." "*Integrity of the digestive organs*," says another practical writer, "*is the best guarantee against the invasion of disease in any of the others.*"

Headache is one of the most common and troublesome effects of Dyspepsia. Indeed some are hardly free from it for months together. Others are more troubled with a kind of confusion in the head, which makes them miserable without much real pain. They feel as though they were not themselves, and often harbor the thought that it is useless to try to improve their condition. "Sometimes the head feels as if it were too heavy, giving the patient an inclination to support it with the hand, a sensation said to be peculiar to women." There is often a tenderness along the spine, especially on the neck portion. Frequently there is a tightness like a band around the temples—and often dark spots and clouds (*muscæ volitantes*) float before the eyes. Every one is familiar with many of the unpleasant sensations which are produced by this disease, such as nausea, vomiting, flatulence, heartburn, acid stomach, want of appetite, sometimes too craving; consti-



pation at one time and diarrhœa at another, want of energy, &c.—and there seems to be every variety of modification of these and other combinations. Sometimes there will seem to be but one prominent symptom present for some days or weeks, and that may be severe pain in some particular part, or it may be in almost every part of the body. Dr. J. Johnson, of London, believes that tic dolereux, epilepsy, and chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, are owing to irritation in the stomach and bowels; and there is not a doubt that all these severe neuralgic pains which sometimes so torture the body, often, if not always, have their seat in the digestive organs. Another marked symptom is debility. There is generally more or less loss of strength, flesh, and ambition. Patients frequently dread to make an effort to ascend one flight of stairs—and when they attempt it, it is often attended with a distressing fluttering of the heart and other unpleasant sensations, which make them inclined to sit down on the top of the stairs. Another symptom, and which appears early in the disease, is great sensitiveness to the cold. Such persons hardly fail to have cold feet. Again, it is quite common for dyspeptics to be harrassed with a bad cough; and as it is often attended with more or less expectoration, wasting of the flesh and strength, and other alarming symptoms, no wonder that the patient and his friends begin to tremble, as they suspect the malady to be nothing less than consumption. Indeed it *is*, yet the kind of consumption that can be *cured* by proper treatment. Again, some obstinate disease of the eye, which perhaps has resisted the influence of remedies for months, without the least improvement,

has its origin in the stomach, which perhaps has never been suspected. And the physician, or quack, or patient who has been treating it locally, might as well go down to Quebec to purify Lake Erie. Various other organs are similarly affected. "Digestive derangement," says a writer who is good authority, "has generally, perhaps always, an important share in the first appearance of gout and rheumatism, in those persons subject to these diseases; and the hereditary disposition to these maladies, which children derive from parents, does not consist in any peculiar constitution of the blood, of the cartilaginous parts and synovial membranes, in which these diseases are supposed to have their origin or seat, but in a vice of the digestive organs, which occasions the gouty and rheumatic affections of these parts." But this is not all. While derangement in the digestive organs long continued may result in a gouty diathesis or constitution, and thus prove a predisposing cause of this painful affection; it in turn, when once developed, may prove an exciting cause of an immediate attack of a more terrible form of dyspepsia. "This much is certain, that the most acute, dreadful, and dangerous of all forms of dyspepsia, may be occasioned by gout suddenly migrating from its usual seats to the stomach." In short, disease existing in any part or organ, generally more or less affects morbidly the digestive organs."

In protracted dyspepsia, *intellectual and moral symptoms* are no less marked, as the diseased organs morbidly affect the mind through the brain, its organ, by vexing it day after day and month after month by this reflex influence,

until it becomes like the "troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." It has lost its equilibrium, and is hardly competent to discharge its functions in that beautiful manner for which it was designed. Hence the mind becomes gloomy, fearful, fretful, suspicious, jealous, depraved, selfish, stupid, sullen and wandering. The man has no confidence in himself, none in his physician, none in his friends, and is afraid to meet his own shadow alone. Oh how wretched, and how to be pitied! But this is not all the sequel. It sometimes happens that a man in this form of insanity, will make resolutions and redeem them, the very thought of which in a sound state of mind and body would make him shudder. Now this is one of the most serious parts of our subject, and which the reader should not forget; for if he is fortunate enough not to have one of these terrible symptoms, yet by keeping this in mind, he will be prepared to feel for those who certainly need the sympathies of humanity as much as any other class of sufferers which can be found in this world of misery. This is no speculation, it is no trifle. Here is a point of the utmost importance, and one which I believe is too much neglected by the profession and others. It will be remembered that I said in the outset, that a *diseased* man was more likely than a *well* man to commit *crime*. I presume there can hardly be a doubt on the mind of any man who has ever given this subject a careful examination, that many have ended their days on the gallows who would have lived and died respected, if they had ever been entirely free from gastric irritation. Yes, instead of the mind being "expanded with that disinterested genero-

sity and philanthropy which prompts to all that is worthy or noble in action ;" under the deleterious influence of despondency and gastric irritation, it drives the dyspeptic to the intoxicating cup, the narcotic drug, the gambler's resort, the state prison's cell, the murderer's platform, and the suicide's end. Dr. Philip remarks that this disease "is characterised by a despondency that is hardly equalled by any other," Dr. Paris says, "the depression of the dyspeptic spirit increases as the disease advances : he gives his case up as lost, loses flesh, suffers a thousand distressing sensations, and fancies the existence of a thousand more." And Dr. J. Johnson declares that "it is under the influence of such paroxysms as these, that nine-tenths of those melancholy instances of suicide which shock the ears of the public, take place."

In treating no other disease is it more important to keep in view the influence of the mind upon the malady. The mind acts upon the brain, the great nervous centre and depot of all intelligence, and which communicates such impressions as it receives, to the different parts of the system, through those little channels which are far more important and wonderful than all human inventions put together, and through the medium of this mysterious telegraph, the muscles which are the active organs of locomotion receive orders, and are correspondingly active or passive, according to the nature of the communication. So when the mind envelopes the brain with a depressing influence, acting upon it like a narcotic, partially paralyzing its functions, the life giving energy which usually radiates from it to all parts of the system, is deficient, and all the

vital organs become more or less torpid. Sometimes the effect is still more serious, as the nervous energy is cut off altogether, and instant death the consequence. Hence the vast importance of keeping the mind in a pleasant, cheerful frame, both in preventing disorder, and in curing disease. The effect of the mind operating upon matter, is interesting in more respects than in one. This mysterious law of our being, accounts for certain events, which the uninformed and superstitious, suppose to be miracles.

I will refer the reader to two or three cases which I take from a little work by Edwin Lee, Esq. which will illustrate this statement. "Charlotte Beeby late of Elstow, aged twenty five, an inhabitant of Biddenham, has for the last five years been a cripple, with an affection of the back, the lower limbs being perfectly paralysed. The affection had resisted the treatment of many practitioners. Being acquainted with the Episcopalian Church doctrines taught by the Rev. Mr. Matthews of this town, she conceived that if she were baptised by that gentleman, she would recover. Accordingly the Reverend Gentleman, at half past ten o'clock at night in the presence of a hundred spectators, converts to his doctrines, proceeded to the river Biddenham, whither the diseased person was removed in a cart, as usual when moved about. Mr. Matthews going into the river to support her, immersed her in the water, when she immediately said, "leave me go, I can walk," and walked out of the water, and ran some little distance up a hill till she was exhausted, but she has retained the use of her limbs ever since. Dr. Paris truly remarks that "Dyspeptic affections are affected by the state of the mind, to an extent to

which it would be difficult to assign a limit." But dyspeptic affections are not alone in this. "At the time when Sir H. Davy was assisting Dr. Beddoes in experiments on inhalations of Nitrous Oxide, having inferred that the oxide must be a specific for palsy, a patient was selected for trial, and placed under the care of Davy. Previous to administering the gas, Davy inserted a small thermometer under the tongue of the patient to ascertain the temperature. The paralytic man wholly ignorant of the process to which he was to be subjected, but deeply impressed by Dr. Beddoes with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth, than he concluded the talisman man was in operation, and in the burst of enthusiasm declared that he had already experienced the effects of its benign influence throughout his whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Davy did nothing more, but desired his patient to return the next day. The same ceremony was repeated, and the same result followed, and at the end of a fortnight he was dismissed cured, no remedy of any kind except the thermometer having been used." "Doctor Warren of Boston relates the case of a lady who had a tumor of the glands of the neck, of the size of an egg, which had lasted two years, and had resisted all the efforts for its removal, so that an operation was proposed. To this the patient objected, but asked whether it would be safe to make an application which had been recommended to her viz. touching the part three times with a dead man's hand. Dr. W. assured her that she might make the trial without apprehending any serious consequences. After a time she again presented herself,



and smiling, informing him that she had used this remedy, and no other, and on examining the part he found the tumor had disappeared." Another example will suffice. "A Cambridge student called upon a friend and observed a glass of sherry on his table which he immediately swallowed. The gentleman in whose apartment this occurred, immediately determined to play a hoax upon his visitor, and turning towards him the label of a half pint bottle of antimonial wine (an emetic) declared he had swallowed a portion of its contents. The student left the room, and vomited instantly."

An experienced practitioner in Europe, and an excellent writer on Dyspepsia, in speaking of that form which sympathetically affects the head, makes the following appropriate remarks: "It is in the sympathetic affection we are now discoursing of, that moral remedies, such as agreeable occupation, diversity of scene, the conversation of cheerful, but judicious friends, the sustaining sympathy of an intelligent physician, the abandonment of the harassing and fevering ceremony and pursuits of that society which misnames itself gay, and proper views, and a proper fulfilment of our duties to our mighty Parent, which are so fitted to tranquilize the mind and body, and banish frivolous excitements both of the nerves and affections—it is, I say, in this form of dyspeptic complication, that such moral remedies are almost incredibly efficacious."

Most of the affections of the *heart*, which are complicated with dyspepsia, are only sympathetic, but it should be remembered, that if neglected, are liable at any moment,



to become an independent disease, and to be no longer contingent on the stomachic affection, and thus prove rapidly fatal. It is a great error to suppose that dyspepsia is attended with *discomfort* only. It is also attended with *peril*. "For it is incontestible," says an author, "that dyspepsia may be the occasion of lighting up disease much more impetuous, dangerous, and more fatal than that which woke it to existence."

There is next to errors in diet and sedentary habits, probably no more fruitful source of dyspepsia, than improper *drugging*. It can hardly be condemned in too strong terms. And I would respectfully urge the reader to give this subject a candid thought. Possibly you may see the day that you will wish that you had earlier laid it to heart. Many would this moment gladly retrace their steps, if they could. The evil thus done, is a serious and irreparable one. It may not be amiss for mothers to remember this. I have already spoken of the folly and danger of building up a miserable constitution in children by giving them trash to eat. It is deemed important that a warning voice be lifted up at this point also. Young ladies, from want of proper attention to diet, exercise, and other hygienic agents, are prone to be costive ; and frequently from fear that a physician may be called, let the difficulty go on from "bad to worse," until the general health becomes involved, or what is common, resort to *self-treatment*, which is often worse than to let nature take its course. They go on taking pills, powders, mixtures, &c., by the recommendation of mothers, friends, and those they happen to meet, and the more they take, the more indispensable does it appear.

Nor is this state of things confined to young ladies. Many, both males and females, destroy their digestive organs, by a frequent repetition of drastic cathartics and other improper remedies. Because, when they once enter upon this course of treatment, it does not seem easy to stop, as the nature of the derangement which calls for assistance, is only aggravated, and consequently a repetition must follow; and, to use the language of another, "is constantly employed by him, but probably after his own judgment, no physician having been yet applied to by him. He therefore falls into numerous and grave mistakes, as to the selection of medicines, and the times and circumstances in which they ought to be used. By such self-treatment, often more destructive than quackery, and more extensive in its operation, I have known irreparable damage done by patients to themselves; and easily remediable derangements converted into permanent disease, and enfeebling effects produced on the constitution, which no subsequent care or art of the most skilful physician could ever fully repair." And what makes a warning voice against such mal-treatment the more needful is the fact that these drugs generally give relief at the time, which makes it hard to convince the patient of their destructive tendency. They relieve the body and mind of a present evil, and bring in their train a more formidable and abiding one. Painful and unexpected news, or great nervous depression from any cause, may suddenly develope this disease.

It may not be amiss to remember that mental agencies have much to do in *producing*, as well as curing Dyspepsia. There are many ways in which this sore affliction may be

thus produced. And in this respect, are men no less responsible for their influence upon others, than where physical suffering is the primary lesson ; although not always so considered. For instance, a man would shudder at the thought of knowingly, being the means of a sudden bursting out of sore boils all over his neighbor from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. And yet for two and sixpence, he will make sad destruction of his own, and his neighbor's peace, with little or no compunction ! He will approach his fellow man's mental comforts with more foxes and fire brands, than ever Sampson sent into the harvest fields of the Philistines, and may feel more proud of his achievements, and will, perhaps, wield an influence with more terrible effect, than the strong man did the jaw-bone of an Ass. For instance a little cold neglect, is often far from producing no serious effect upon the material frame through the medium of the mind. A young lady for example, is not unfrequently hurried to an untimely grave by being slighted by a pretended lover. I need not mention the numerous cases of deception, wherein a man by smooth words, solemn pledges, and fair promises, strips his neighbors last garment from him, and his last bed from under him, and turns his unsheltered family upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world—with the mind loaded down with a burden almost sufficient to crush the stoutest heart—I need not refer the reader to the base act of the vile wretch, who seeks to destroy the almost spotless character of a fellow citizen, who has spent a long life in gaining a reputation immeasurably more precious than gold or rubies. I need not call to mind the horrible deeds of darkness—the

cries of despair—the blood of the murdered—the groans of the dying—and the silence of the dead. Any one can see at once, that such depressing influences as these, or any similar scene must inevitably produce upon the minds of those who are deeply interested, can hardly fail to produce an unhappy effect upon the system. But let us notice a case more likely to be unnoticed, or its influence not suspected.

A., who resides in ——— street, is well known as a man in high life, and for his aristocratic bearing. He walks with the nobility, holds his head high, dines with the fashionable, and is supposed to be rich.

B., a very near neighbour and worthy man, makes no display and no pretension to riches. He is a very plain man, but has a soul within, and minds his own business; pays all his debts, and eats the bread and butter which he earns with his own hands. He is always ready to assist in every good work, and is of so much service to A. in a great variety of ways, that he is considered almost indispensable to the existence and happiness of A. and his household. For his kind acts, A. professes much neighbourly attachment. But (perhaps I may say unfortunately) B. understands human nature well enough to detect the difference between a whited sepulchre and an honest man. When he meets A. in his back yard he is saluted like a gentleman, and receives two hearty “shakes;” when he meets him on the side-walk in Greene-street, he gets “one shake,” and a homœopathic dose at that; but when he meets him in Broadway, A. is sure to pass him with his

head turned at an angle of forty-five degrees ! Now this is very trying to flesh and blood. It cannot be otherwise as we are constituted. Let a man try to believe that he cares nothing about it. It is not so. He *does* care, and cannot by any possible effort prevent it. What ! says B., am I not a man ? Have I ever forfeited my right or title to be so considered ? Have I not ever treated A. with perfect respect ? Have I not more than once subjected myself to great inconvenience to accommodate him and his ? Have I not protected his property—helped him to get and keep more than half the money which he is now worth ? Have I not saved his dwelling from the flames, and his children from suffocation ? Then what have I done to merit this neglect and scorn ? It pains me to my very heart to think that I am considered unworthy of even a *nod* !

Now such or similar occurrences are not strangers to this city. But many of these upstarts, who are so ready to call the MUSCLES OF POLITENESS into play, and go bowing and scraping to the rich, and the great, and the honourable, from Union Park to the Battery, have only to look back a little way to see their fathers with a hoe in one hand, and a cabbage head in the other, and perhaps their mothers too !

The influence of such treatment is unfriendly to the system, and the mental depression which it produces, is reflected upon the digestive organs which seriously disturbs their function. And if the slighted man only resents it, he is still injured ; for the tendency not only leads a man to hate his neighbour, but even his anger has a morbid influence upon his health.

What a pity that a man should have to go into Broadway to know how much he is respected ! But so it is. Yes, Broadway has recently been turned into a *yard-stick*, by which the length and breadth of a man's character is measured—a *balance*, in which his worth is weighed—a *dissecting-knife*, which reveals the true state within—a *microscope*, by which the genuine characteristics of little creatures are fully brought to light.

I might multiply cases where a similar influence is prejudicial to health ; but it is unnecessary.

The subject upon which I have been discoursing, viz. Dyspepsia, has several different aspects. On the whole, *the disease is a favorable one to treat*. Probably none can be found which produces so much mischief and misery, which is so curable. No field can be found in such a wilderness as this, where judicious medical treatment can produce a harvest of more precious fruit ; can fill the cup of the sufferer with more perfect joy ; can raise the sinking man from the depths of despondency to the heights of confidence and hope ; from the horrors of premeditated self-destruction to the blessedness of self-respect and self-preservation ; from the drunkard's downward road to death, to the better, safer path of sobriety and life ; and from the dark and loathsome dungeon of disease, to the bright and delightful palace of health. But it also has some unfavorable aspects. And one is, its tendency to a *protracted duration*, to say nothing of the danger to life. " This is a disease," says *Dick on Indigestion*. p. 57, " which is never spontaneously cured ; that is, which never departs, provided the patient



allows himself to remain subject or exposed to the causes that originally induce it." This, although I think it a little too strong meat, is nevertheless a solemn warning to those who know very well that they are thus affected, and yet continue to cherish, as their best friends, those very agents which are working out their destruction. For the present we will take but one more view of the influence of dyspepsia, and that is, in relation to the *discomfort and misery which this disease begets*. I have already partially noticed it. One dyspeptic man who happens to be naturally nervous and excitable, is enough to keep a whole neighbourhood in a perfect uproar. And if there chance to be many of the same stamp in the same town, a quiet man fond of peace, would almost as soon tolerate an Indian Pow-wow. "In a multitude of cases," says an author, "the domestic unhappiness of families is owing to the irritability of temper and discontent of particular members of them; which irritability and discontent are in many cases purely owing to digestive derangements."

And it is a fact worthy of notice, that in these cases of unhappy commotion, which the author alluded to very properly calls "a multitude," the real cause is never suspected. And but for this cause, how many would be happy themselves, and a great comfort to others, who this moment as far as real enjoyment is concerned, receive little and produce less. They are always "out of tune:" there is no harmony without or within. They are every way miserable themselves, and do not seem to think that others ought to be otherwise. They provoke and grieve their best friends almost beyond endurance, and know not why,



Perhaps know not that they have done amiss. More likely fancy that they are right and others wrong. A man in sound health may bear great insult with that magnanimous composure which calls for universal admiration; but let gastric irritation transmitted to the brain supervene, and a very slight offence will make the same man flash like gunpowder, and rave like a madman. At the same time he would never suspect the cause of his irritable temper. And here it may be proper for me to drop a hint to parents, as I have taken it upon myself to give advice without being consulted, having resolved to deal in matters of fact, and to give the alarm as danger approached. Whenever you find a child more irritable and fretful than usual—and perhaps you are aware it is easier to discover this in your children than in yourself—depend upon it, *that child is not well*; and instead of that phrase so common with some, “the child is *cross*,” you had better say that the child is *sick*. It will not be only nearer the truth, but it will put the evil in a more favourable position to be remedied. Be assured there is something wrong in the system, and you ought to search it out. Let the *disorder* be removed before it becomes *disease*. And if I should say that under such circumstances, nine times out of ten, you will find the digestive apparatus involved in the difficulty, I suppose the reader would laugh, and say here is another one-idea doctor, who can see nothing in a patient but a *stomach*. From the tendency of the age, and from the nature of my undertaking, it would not be very strange if he should come to such a conclusion. However, it is to be presumed that my friends will not suffer me to remain long

exposed to danger, without making more effort in proportion to its importance, to save me from perilous ultraism, than I shall to cure the dyspeptic.

From the tendency of the disease now under consideration to morbidly affect the mental as well as the physical constitution, it will be seen that it is peculiarly unfortunate for men in public life to be harrassed with this disease. So the man who unfortunately has naturally an irritable disposition (if there be such a thing strictly speaking independent of morbid influence), will find it much harder to strive against this infirmity with the twin sister of irritation in his bosom. It is truly unfortunate for all, but it is worse for some than for others to be thus afflicted. For example, is it not worse for the clergyman than the wood-sawyer? Most assuredly it is, for many of the transactions which dissolve the bonds of union between pastor and people, may doubtless be attributed to this very agency, to some extent, and yet perhaps the very last cause which is ever suspected. If the minister had not been quite so dyspeptic, he would have preached a little better. And if the congregation had not been quite so dyspeptic, they would have heard *much* better—would have heard a good deal *more*, and *slept* a good deal *less*. But if the wood-sawyer happens to be a sufferer, (though not very likely to become so,) when anything disturbs or frets him, he can saw on the harder, and make the splinters fly the faster. Not so the clergyman. He cannot chop logic as the man in the forest chops wood. Now although I am not skilled in the art of sermonizing, as the reader is well aware, yet I cannot avoid the conclusion that under certain

forms of gastric irritation, a clergyman must find it very hard work to write, if not to preach. And the man thus affected, who can habitually preach acceptably, must be almost a Paul or an Apollos. Neither can I avoid the conclusion, that a minister thus indisposed, must often be severely and peculiarly tried in more ways than one. He goes into his study feeling that he has a hard day's work to perform, to make up for half of the week which is already lost, through the instrumentality of his friends, who have unintentionally robbed him of his precious time, and who had better have robbed him of his money—and who in fact did indirectly rob him of his money, his reputation, and his usefulness, to follow it no farther. In a nervous and depressed state of mind, he sits down and tries to think. And perchance before he has hardly got two thoughts together in the right shape, the bell, that noisy creature, and often unwelcome spokesman, announces another call. And the Pastor who would rather suffer great inconvenience and privation, and sacrifice his rest, sleep, health, and even life itself, than turn away one who is seriously inquiring after truth, says, let him come in. But unfortunately for the visitor, and the Pastor too, the good man has never been under the instruction of a schoolmaster who makes a special business of teaching men how to value time in all the various walks of life. He has learned, that “*time is money*,” and strictly walks according to that rule in his counting room, but he has never dreamed that time is *preaching*. And after delivering a very important message respecting some trifling event which has already become stale ; and asking the Parson's

advice about entering upon some simple transaction which is already done, and spending an hour to no better purpose, while the minister has been wishing, and longing, and praying for the good man's blessing, which under such circumstances is undoubtedly his absence, he takes his departure, though very reluctantly, and perhaps at the expense of a few "broad hints," and congratulates himself upon the great favor he has conferred on his Minister. Now the reader will perhaps be ready to say that a Clergyman at such a time as this, is truly fortunate if he does not suffer his equilibrium to be disturbed. Yes, and he might almost say *that*, even if he was not a dyspeptic. And I am not quite sure, that no Clergymen have been made dyspeptics, in this way. But I am quite *certain* that this is a very sure way of aggravating it, where it exists. Yet this is not all. After being tried in various ways through the week, and toiling hard to prepare himself for his sacred work, the dyspeptic minister enters the Sanctuary on the Sabbath to preach the everlasting Gospel to those who have an ear to hear; sincerely hoping that nothing may occur to annoy him or the congregation. But poor man, he is only an earthen vessel, and in this excitable state of the nervous system, he is truly to be pitied, for it will not require an earthquake nor a thunderbolt to disturb him; which he is finally compelled to admit, as the good man who has yet to learn that time is *hearing*, as well as preaching, enters the sacred temple after the sermon is half finished, with his "better half," who unfortunately happens to occupy a little too much of the broad aisle, sweeping the contents down to the pulpit, followed by a collector

in pursuit of the hats, who being a dyspeptic can not avoid biting off the sermon before he is aware of it, and wishing in his heart that it might please the good lady to walk in a little narrower compass. And the ruffling of books, and rattling of latches, and crying of children, and shouting of paper carriers, and running out of church, may be quite sufficient to distract the sensitive hearer, who forgets the text, and the sexton his calling, and the Parson his place, until those who are fortunately less diseased, are ready to ask what next. The fact is, that those who are thus afflicted, seldom receive the sympathy which they need. It is no trifling matter. It is folly for any one to say, that no man need to be disturbed by any of the little affairs of every day life. Let the man even in sound health who harbors such a thought, try it faithfully for one month, if he is not satisfied with the experiment of a week. You might as well tell a dyspeptic that no man need to let fire produce any sensation when put upon his flesh. True every dyspeptic can, and *should*, as far as possible, check every tendency to wild excitement, and every rising of an irritable temper. But he cannot altogether prevent it, for it is a part, or rather effects, of the disease.

This aspect alone, seems to present a sufficiently strong argument in favor of special effort, not only on the part of the practitioner, but of the patient, for the removal of this malady. And let the sufferer bear in mind that more permanent benefit may be derived from six days judicious treatment at an early period, when perhaps the patient is hardly willing to admit that any such disease can be present, than from as many months skilful adaptation of reme-

dies, when the disease is of long standing. And let the reader remember that he or she can be of more service to himself or herself in *preventing* the disease, than the doctor can in curing it. Let it not be supposed that I say this, to discourage any from making every lawful effort to get clear of this malady, even of long standing, but rather to encourage others to prevent it, which is far better, and which almost every one *can* if he will.

Perhaps I ought to caution those who have recently been afflicted with this malady, and are partially, or as they suppose, wholly restored ; to beware how they trifle with their health, while they listen to the temptation of luxuries. For “it is inconceivable with what facility the digestive organs once deranged, fall again, in consequence of the slightest dietic indiscretion, into fresh disorder. This tendency to relapse continues for some time ; but diminishes in proportion to the length of time that, by prudence, care, and self-restraint, it is hindered from issuing in overt derangement.”

I have already pointed out some of the evils to be expected from improper self-treatment. Still it is often indispensable ; and in the great majority of cases, as far as medicine is concerned, there is more difficulty in selecting proper laxatives (which are generally needed) than in any thing else. “For one species of laxative suits one constitution, another species another constitution ; while moreover, the same individual requires very different laxatives at different stages of his life, and in different states of his body. Cooling saline purgatives suit one person ; warm



evacuants another ; the medicines required by *this* person, are such as address themselves to the upper parts of the intestinal canal ; those required by *that* person, are such as act principally on the lower bowels. In the laxatives prescribed for this man, drugs that have a special reference to the liver, must continually be mingled ; in the case of another person, the liver requires no peculiar attention, and is stimulated, it may be, with sufficient or even too much facility ; but the secretions of the intestines are scanty. This man requires tonics to be combined with his purgatives ; that other's aliments would suffer notable aggravation by such a combination. This man's costiveness is best treated by injections ; the other's requires the administration of laxatives by the mouth ; a third may be cured simply by an appropriate diet ; yet any of these three persons may, by mistreatment of himself, complicate his costiveness with long, serious, and miserable derangement of the organs in general of digestion."

" Still, as it is not, from various circumstances, to be expected that patients will always apply when they ought, for medical advice, it becomes the business of the physician whom philanthropy, as well as pecuniary considerations, ought ever to influence, to endeavor that, as far as he can, the least possible injury should be suffered in this way ; and this object he will best accomplish by diffusing such information as will be of *some* use, at least, in diminishing the risks and ill consequences of *self-treatment*." • I therefore recommend aloes and rhubarb as the best and safest laxatives, to be used in domestic practice, when a protracted use is indicated. In the great majority of cases,



either of these articles is preferable to Castor Oil, or simple Epsom Salts, and probably superior to any other purgative, for habitual constipation.

If, in travelling through a strange country, in the course of my journey, I happen to come to a place where two ways meet, under such circumstances, as to be compelled to select my path without being able to obtain the least knowledge of either, and after a laborious journey of a long day, in the midst of dangers thick and formidable, suppose that after many hair-breadth escapes, and ten long hours of awful suspense, I hear a voice at a little distance, crying, *Stop, Stranger!* With joy I halt, to ascertain the author, and the object of this salutation. I soon discover a man approaching with an honest friendly look, but apparently much fatigued, presenting abundant evidence of having made for some purpose, a very great effort. I soon learn that he has not run to obtain, but to impart important information. I find his extra exertion to be altogether disinterested and solely for my benefit. As soon as he arrives sufficiently near, and recovers breath enough to be able to converse, he says, friend, you must be very much out of your way! I presume that you are a stranger in the land, and have taken the wrong road. This is a very dangerous path to follow, in many respects. You have doubtless already found it sufficiently bad, to give you not a very favorable opinion of it. But this is nothing to the sequel. Very few ever go farther than this, and return in safety; and many never return at all! And besides all this, you will find that it leads to no desirable termination. I presume you intended to go to the village. To do so, as un-

pleasant and as unsafe as it may be, you will be obliged to return to the road which you left *ten miles back* ! Now this kind stranger would be entitled to my unbounded gratitude, for such a friendly act ; but after all, would not be of half as much service to me, if he should run himself to death, to communicate the information, as would a simple "*Guide Post*" put up where it should be.

Acting upon this principle, I ventured at the outset, as the reader is aware, to set up a few ANTI-DYSPEPTIC GUIDE POSTS, deeming it of more importance to the traveller to be kept out of the *wrong*, than to be put into the *right* path.

But as some may fail to give heed to these, and other way-marks, and wander on in peril, almost to the grave's mouth, before discovering their mistake, it seems necessary to put up a few "guide-posts," even at these out-of-the-way places. Yea more. There are many who seem to need to have guide-posts *chase* them ! And it is to be presumed that there are some, *who will not be very easily overtaken*.



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